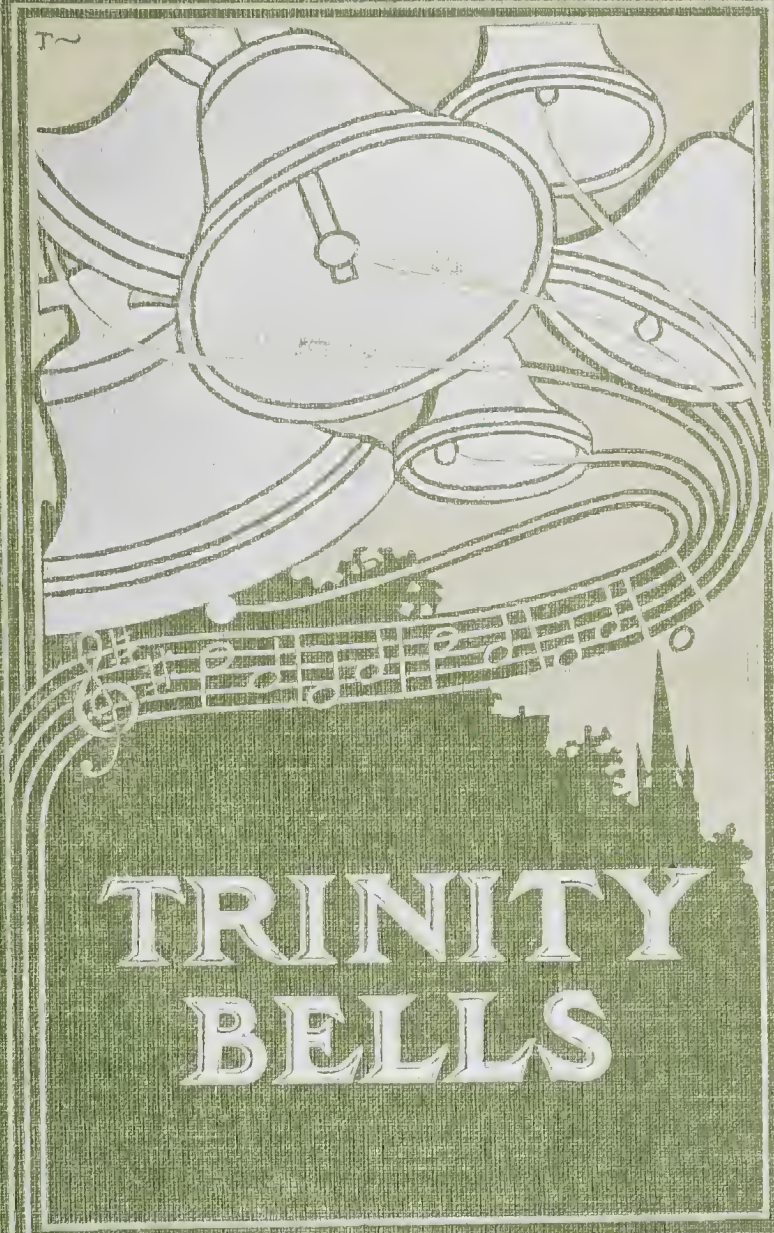

TRINITY BELLS

AMELIA E. BARR

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TRINITY BELLS

A Tale of Old New York

Trinity Bells! Trinity Bells!
How sweet your music sinks and swells,
Above the old, the young, the glad,
Above the rich, the poor, the sad:
What is the tale your music tells,
Trinity Bells?

The tale we tell so strong and clear,
Is just the tale you long to hear.
"The Heart's Desire" our music times,
"The Heart's Desire" is in our chimes,
"The Heart's Desire" the secret spells
Of Trinity Bells.

"Catharine and Paul sang together out of the same book"

TRINITY BELLS

A Tale of Old New York

BY

AMELIA E. BARR

Author of "The Bow of Orange Ribbon," "Jan Vedder's Wife,"
"Friend Olivia," "A Rose of a Hundred Leaves,"
"Feet of Clay," "A Daughter of Fife,"
"I, Thou and the Other One,"
"Prisoners of Conscience,"
etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. M. RELYEA

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1899

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I

A Last Day at School

TRINITY BELLS

CHAPTER I

A LAST DAY AT SCHOOL

HER dear school companions called her "Delight," but her name was Catharine Van Clyffe.

She was the daughter of Captain Jansen Van Clyffe who, during the Revolutionary War, had been famous for harassing British commerce in his swift, well-armed ship, *The Retribution.* But Catharine was born when the war was over, and the United States navy had, for a time, ceased to exist. Then Captain Van Clyffe had begun to sail his own ship, *The Golden Victory*, on his own commercial ventures. To the east and the west he sailed, to the other side of the world, and all round the world, home again. No port was too far

away, no sea too strange and dangerous; and every voyage was like a page out of a wonderful book of adventure and romance.

When Catharine was a little girl, her father had often taken her on his knee and told her strange stories of his ship and his sailor-men; and as she grew older she went with him, hand in hand, down to the wharf on the East River front, to visit *The Golden Victory*. The ship was almost a living creature to Catharine. She knew how it had chased its enemies, and run away from its enemies, and fought its enemies; and its white deck and its dusky cabin were places where marvellous deeds had been done. In that cabin she had eaten mysterious dainties, and been waited on by sailors who had not only a fierce but a far-off, strange look, such as men bring from unknown lands, and life-and-death fights with winds and waves, and mortal enemies more dangerous than either. And so this father, whom she saw only at long intervals, was to Catharine a great hero; and

"Catharine used to go with her father, hand in hand, down to the wharf on the East River"

she had for him a romantic and passionate affection.

This affection in no way lessened the love which she bore to her mother; on the contrary, it was a great bond between mother and daughter, for when they were together "father" was the first and the last topic of their conversation, the one subject that was never unwelcome and never tiresome. It was not, however, the only bond, for Madame Van Clyffe was a wise and lovable woman, a very genius of happiness and helpfulness. Indeed, there had been far more real companionship between Madame and her daughter than was at all common in that day, when parents were accustomed to exact, and to receive, a great deal of formal respect from their children. Fortunately, Catharine found it natural and easy to respect and to love her mother. No one could doubt this who had seen her every night open her Bible and kiss the strand of her mother's bright hair which kept the place of

her devotions. It was the "good-night" kiss of a girl whose heart lay close to her mother's heart, and who had no sweeter wish than to obey her and make her life truly happy.

The only other living member of Catharine's home was her brother Paul; and when she spoke of Paul it was always with a beautiful enthusiasm. She delighted in telling of the honors he had won at Trinity School, and of her mother's great wish that he should go to Columbia College, and afterward to Mr. Hamilton's office that he might learn to become a great lawyer. "But no," Catharine would add, with a bright impetuosity; "Paul will not be a lawyer. Paul will go to sea. If you only saw him walk about a ship you would instantly understand that. And, to be sure, if I was a boy I also would be a sailor. My father says 'we all have the salt drop in us.' Even my Uncle Jacob Van Clyffe, who is a tanner, dreams of the sea, and reads of the sea, and talks of the sea, and never is so happy and

Catharine Van Clyffe

good-natured as when he has some newly-home captain at his fireside. Yes; it is truly so. Poor Uncle Jacob! He longs for the wide ocean, and he has only some tanning-pits in the 'Swamp.' My uncle is not always an agreeable man, but I am very sorry for him."

This was the bright, lovely Catharine Van Clyffe who, just one hundred years ago the 18th of last September, was a pupil in the school of the Moravian Sisters at Bethlehem. That day was a spinning-day, and the girls, in their snow-white caps and ruffled Vandykes, were seated in the great panelled room at their wheels. Their small fingers twisted the yielding flax, while the pattering treadles — worked by little feet glittering with the buckles then used as shoe-latchets — kept time to their cheerful songs and merry chatter, and to the droning hum-m-m-m of their wheels. Never had Catharine been so enthusiastic, so eager, and so full of joy. Her voice set all who listened to it vibrating. It was the voice of a girl un-

touched by sorrow, singing for pure gladness in the happy morning of her life. No thought of change was in her mind. She expected to remain at Bethlehem for another year. But change hardly ever comes by appointment. We are not even thinking of it, when suddenly round some corner of life it meets us with a smile or a sigh.

It was in this way Catharine's school life came to a close. She was thinking only of the number of cuts she would be able to spin, when Sister Anna Ungar gave her a letter. "It is from my dear mother," she cried joyfully; and in a moment she had broken the seal and was reading the following lines:

My dear Daughter: I have now to communicate to you my wish that you return home with Mr. King, who will call for you on the morning of the 19th. I have a great longing for your presence; and though I am sure we are both sensible of the obligations we owe your good teachers, I feel that the time has come when I can no longer deprive myself of the comfort of your society. You have

already acquired more learning than is the common rule, and I have no doubt can further improve yourself in your own home. Your brother Paul is extremely desirous to see you, and, hoping to experience this pleasure myself in a few days, I am, my dear little Katryntje,[1]

Your affectionate mother,

SARAH VAN CLYFFE.

For a few moments this letter left Catharine speechless; then a warm glow of anticipation superseded the shock of so sudden a removal from all that had been her life for nearly five years. She was sorry, and yet she was very much pleased; for youth is always sure that change must mean something pleasant. In a moment Catharine had concluded that her father was expected, and then in another moment her mind was busy with some confused plans for carrying on her studies at home; for it was impossible for her at once to think of days coming and going without lessons to learn.

Yet the first words that broke upon this short

[1] Pronounced *Ka-trynt-ye*.

trance of excited feeling were the words in which Sister Ungar formally released Catharine Van Clyffe from all her school duties. There was almost a sob in the sister's voice; and the girls looked at Catharine with a startled regret, and yet with something of that wondering respect with which we are apt to regard a person on whom a great change or a great destiny has unexpectedly fallen.

The feeling in the large room at Bethlehem school was very much like this. When Catharine received her letter she was leading the favorite spinning chant and chorus:

Catharine: She seeks wool and flax;
She works willingly with her hands.

Chorus: Turn the busy wheel,
Little sisters, turn;
When the sun shines bright,
When the candles burn.

Catharine: Her candle goes not out by night;
She lays her hands to the spindle;
And her hands hold the distaff.

Chorus: Turn the busy wheel,
Little sisters, turn;
When the sun shines bright,
When the candles burn.

Catharine: She makes herself coverings of tapestry;
She spins fine linen and sells it.

Chorus: Turn the busy wheel,
Little sisters, turn;
When the sun shines bright,
When the candles burn.

The singers and spinners were in the middle of the last stanza when Catharine exclaimed, "It is from my dear mother!" and though the lines were sung to the close, there was then an unbidden and simultaneous silence. Catharine did not begin the next verse, and all eyes were turned upon her and upon the sad face of the sister watching her. The wheels ceased to hum, and in the strange silence Sister Ungar's words fell with a startling effect:

"Your dear companion, Catharine Van Clyffe, is required at her home in New York. She will leave us in the morning, and not

return to us again. She is absolved from all her school duties at once, and may select three of her companions to assist in her preparations and cheer her with their presence. Miss Polly Ledoux will now lead your song."

But though Miss Polly's voice was both sweet and strong, the joyous gladness of the music was no longer there. The wheels went more slowly. The girls were more inclined to talk than to sing, and when the chant was finished it was not repeated; neither was any other commenced. Little intervals of silence, short sentences of wonder and regret, were current; and though something of the usual happy abandon of a spinning-day gradually returned to the circle, it lacked the vivacity and sprightly pleasure which ordinarily distinguished the exercise. It was as if the soft pedal had been put down on each girl's heart. Nothing that day was quite the same. They had suffered a loss. For the very last time Catharine had led their singing; and the pathos

which clings to those three words, "the last time," made them pensive and thoughtful.

But Catharine had distractions which prevented thought while the first shock of the change prevailed. Her trunk was to be packed — one of those long shallow boxes, covered with calfskin and rows of brass nail-heads, which our great-grandmothers admired; her books and exercises to be collected; little mementos of affection from her companions to be received and put in place; and there was a private interview with her teachers to go through, from which she came away with eyes full of tears and a solemnly happy aspect.

When these affairs had been completed, she was sensible only of a great pleasure. The idea of freedom is natural, and she was devotedly attached to her family. Therefore, without being ungrateful for the past, she was dreaming, with all the gladness of a loving heart, of the richer future — the return of her father, the society of her mother and brother,

the release from all those beneficent rules and restrictions to which she had hitherto rendered a willing obedience, but whose authority she suddenly felt herself to have outgrown. It was this new sense of self-dependence which made her fearlessly ask that her three friends might have with her that night a little feast of the chocolate and cake and fruit in which they all delighted. Her request was readily granted, and Catharine dispensed her hospitality with that familiar affection which is permissible, and even enchanting, in school-girls who yet believe in all their enthusiasms.

One of the three friends was Lucia Dalmaine, a West Indian girl, whom Catharine had first comforted and then loved; another was Mary Beaton, from Boston; and the third was Elsie Evertsen, from New York. These girls had shared with Catharine for three years their little joys and sorrows, their likes and dislikes. They had helped one another in many ways, and they knew all the members of their dif-

ferent families by name, and were interested in their fortunes. In fact, the four were bound together by those numberless small ties which imitate in school life the intimacy and affection of the home life.

Catharine, however, had been the leading spirit among them, and they were at once sorry to lose her company and proud and interested in her promotion. Nor were their rather exaggerated expressions of affection at all insincere. They really believed in their undying allegiance to their school and their undying love for their companion. And Catharine was quite as profuse in her declarations. She was sure no charms of that gay society which she expected some time to enter could ever make her forget her school friends, or the innocent, peaceful years she had spent in her beloved school. "Indeed," she said, with excusable enthusiasm, "I think Bethlehem will be my last memory on this earth."

"I would not say as much as that, dear

Delight," answered Mary Beaton. "We may live many years, and during those long years have many other beautiful memories."

"To be sure! That is exactly true," added Elsie. "There are our homes, and our good fathers and mothers; and at this very time I know places where I am happier than here — at my grandmother Van Wyck's, for instance; and on the ice, when I fly like a bird."

"For all that," interrupted Lucia, "I have heard that our last memory will always go back to our first."

"Well, then," said Catharine, "let us tell of our first memory. That is something sure. What is the very first event in your life that you remember, Lucia?"

"It was not a pleasant event, Delight. It makes me shiver yet whenever I think of it. I was on my father's plantation, some distance from Kingston. I was not four years old. It was a bright, very bright, moonlight night; and I recollect pushing open a door, and seeing in

the band of moonshine a great serpent stretched out from one side of the room to the other. It moved quickly, and some one — my nurse, I suppose — caught me in her arms, and ran along the veranda, screaming. I can smell now the peculiar scent of the flowers on the vines which she brushed in her frantic flight; I can hear now the shouts and confusion of the slaves hunting and killing the creature; and I can feel now the kisses with which my mother covered my face. That is the very first event of which I have any clear remembrance; and I would not forget it because of my precious mother's kisses."

"My first memory," said Mary Beaton, "is of a snowy day. Everything was white, and still, and cold; and I stood, a little mite of a girl, upon a chair by the window, watching the falling flakes. Then I saw a man come to the house, and he carried a box in his hands. I heard mother laugh, and she lifted me from the chair and put me on a table.

Then she opened the box, and I sat very still and watched her. It contained a large doll, and the doll was for me; it came from my godmother, and I think it must have been my birthday. I shall never forget the moment when I took that doll in my arms; I can feel yet how hard I tried not to go to sleep and leave her alone. I suppose I must have been four years old; I do not remember my age, but the rest is as clear as if it had happened yesterday."

"Now, Elsie," said Catharine, "it is your turn. What wonder is the very first in your memory?"

"Indeed, then, my dear Delight, it is the ice — the beautiful ice, and the great pond, and the girls and the boys upon it! Some one — I think it was my brother George — pushed me in a little sled, and then, Delight, I tell you truly, I first knew that I was alive. I shouted, I clapped my hands; I felt so happy, so happy as never was! And then I

felt nothing at all till I woke up before the fire, and my mother was rubbing me with something, and crying, 'My child! My child!' and scolding George for taking me on the ice; and I began to scream, and kick, and beg to go on the ice once more. And my mother took from me my red hood, and my father he laughed and held me in his arms. Many times I have been on the ice since, but no time was like that time. I am glad to have it for my first memory. And now, dear Delight, tell us what you remember first of all," continued Elsie, as she nestled closer to her friend, "for I am sure it will be something beautiful."

"Indeed, you are exactly right, Elsie. I have a beautiful 'first memory' — a moving picture of flags, and of men dressed splendidly in many colors; and above them, between heaven and earth, the most wonderful music you can imagine — the chiming of Trinity Bells! I had never consciously heard them

before; for I was very young when my father went to the Madagascar coast, and my mother took me and my brother Paul to her father's house in Philadelphia. There we stayed nearly two years; and then father wrote from London, and we came back to New York to meet him. And the next morning was the Fourth of July — a hot, sunshiny day; and I was dressed in white, and stood by my mother's side at the open window; and there was music in the street, and the noise of cannon, and such a joyful feeling, just like a holiday everywhere. And very soon a great crowd passed the house, and there was a grand-looking man on a white horse in front of it; and I know now that it was President Washington; and that the stately band who walked behind him, all dressed in black robes, were the bishop and clergy of New York; and that the men who followed in coats trimmed with gold were generals, and soldiers, and companies of many kinds. Young as I was, I clapped my hands

at the New York grenadiers, in their blue-and-red coats, and their cocked hats with white feathers. And my mother made me notice the German grenadiers, in their towering caps of bearskin, and the Scotch infantry, in full Highland dress, with the bagpipes playing. Of course I did not understand all this then, but my mother often afterward talked to me about it; for it was a Fourth of July during Washington's administration, and she wished me to remember it."

"I was in New York at that time," said Elsie; "but I do not remember, because I was too young. However, I have seen my father's uniform, for he was a New York grenadier. It is kept safe in the great Nuremberg chest in my father's room; and he says he wishes to be buried in it."

"And that is your first memory, Delight?" said Lucia. "How charming! It will be something pleasant to talk about when you are an old woman."

"I am sure it is my first clear memory, Lucia. I have many wavering pictures in my mind of things happening in my grandfather's house; but they are all so similar, and so like what happened in our own house, that I cannot separate them. But that Fourth of July is set clearly against the blue sky and the sunny day. I remember, without a doubt, the splendid procession, and the flags waving above it, and, quite distinct from the shouting and the music on the street, the joyful pealing of Trinity Bells. When all had passed and gone, they made the gladdest and most triumphant music. I hear it in my heart this moment. Yes, indeed! I will without regret let all the stirring sights and sounds of that wonderful day slip, and say truly, my first memory is Trinity Bells."

"And I think," said Lucia, "that the bells were a happy sign of a happy life for our dear Delight. We have a very good chime of bells in Kingston church," she continued; "but

when my education is finished I am going with my father to England. My mother was an Englishwoman, and she has told me that England is called the 'Ringing Island,' and that it is not possible to get very far away from the sound of bells in the whole country. Perhaps, also, I am going to Paris."

"I would not go to Paris, not if I might have the whole city for going!" cried Elsie.

"They will cut off your head, Lucia! They have already cut off the heads of their king and queen, and of all the respectable people in France, and now they are trying to quarrel with the Americans. It is the truth. I know it, because my brother George said so in the letter I got from him only one month ago. If you go to Paris you will not save your head on your shoulders, I think."

"There is not much danger now in Paris," answered Mary Beaton. "A young man, called Napoleon Bonaparte, is making the French behave themselves. My father tells

me that he has overthrown the Directory and will likely make himself king. He has intelligence, and he is a great soldier; and he 'abominates massacres.' He said this himself."

"That may be the truth," said Elsie; "nevertheless, I shall be very content to stay in New York."

"All your life?" asked Catharine.

"Yes, all my life long. To be sure, there is finer skating in Holland; but then the women do not dress so handsomely, or so becomingly as in New York. And in New York there are so many amusements. They are too fond of work in Holland also. I know that, because my father and my mother are always telling us about the industry of the Dutch. Now, I do not want to be very industrious; it is no great fault I think, to enjoy oneself a little."

"But you cannot spend your life in amusing yourself, Elsie," said Mary.

"That is a great pity. But, of course, I

shall have to grow up, and become a woman, and get married, and keep house, and become old, as other people do. However, for all that, Elsie will find some time to enjoy herself."

"I wish to be a great teacher," said Mary Beaton. "I intend to have a famous school. I have many plans about it, even now. We ought, I think, to do something good with our lives."

"I have plans also," said Lucia. "You know that my dear mother left me many slaves. I intend to make them all FREE."

"Oh Lucia, what a blessed work!" cried the girls, almost with one voice.

"I think so." Sister Beroth often talks to me about it. She says that I shall find true happiness in living in the love that *flows out from me*, rather than in the love that *flows in to me*. And since I have been here, and have had to obey so many little rules, and always do what others think right and best, I have under-

stood how hard it must be never to have your own way all your life long."

"But," said Catharine, "school is different. I once complained to Sister Kleist of this very thing; and she showed me that it was a great benefit, as well as a great discipline. For instance, the bell rings, and tasks *must* be begun; and we have not to make up our minds, — they are made up for us. So then we lose no time, we learn obedience also, and conquer, through habit, that *uncertainty* which spoils the character of any work it enters into."

"That may be all very proper, and exceedingly true," answered Elsie. "All the same, to be rung out of bed and into bed, to be rung to lessons, and rung to meals, and rung to play is a little tiresome I think. And in a few minutes we shall be rung to prayers, and then our last evening together will be over. There, already, is that tiresome bell: I told you so. Oh my dear Delight, what shall we do without you? I am afraid I shall

Catharine leaves the Bethlehem School. "It was very early, and no one but Sister Kleist saw her departure"

be very naughty, and have many incorrect lessons."

Then Catharine kissed her, and they went to the schoolroom together. "You see," said Elsie, looking tearfully back at Lucia and Mary, "I have the most right to walk with Delight to-night; we are almost sisters, for we both live in New York."

This was the close of one leaf of Catharine's book of life. In the morning Mr. King came for her while it was yet very early, and no one but Sister Kleist saw her departure. But all day the Bethlehem pupils thought of her, and talked of her. They praised her beauty, her grace, her cleverness, her sweet temper, her generosity; but Elsie touched the real source of her great popularity when she said, "Our dear Delight was always doing somebody a kindness."

It happened that the good principal, Brother Jacob Van Vleck, heard this remark; and he made to the girls a little sermon from Elsie's

text; and asked them to remember, "if they did only one kind deed or said only one kind word every day, they would, each of them, make three hundred and sixty people happy every year. And in forty years, my children," he continued, "you will have done fourteen thousand six hundred kind deeds, or said fourteen thousand six hundred kind words. That is the result for others; but how much greater the gain to yourselves; since it is 'far more' blessed to give than to receive. And as for the dear companion who has just left us, we must think of her in her new life, as still happy, and kind, and useful,—for

> "'God is good, and gives new gladness,
> When the old He takes away.'"

II

"So the New Days come, and the Years roll by"

"Never had home been so sweet to Catharine as when she stood again on its threshold"

CHAPTER II

"SO THE NEW DAYS COME, AND THE YEARS ROLL BY"

HOME, sweet Home! Never had home been so sweet to Catharine as when she stood again on its threshold, with her mother's arms around her. The journey had been impeded and delayed by a severe storm; and it was nine o'clock in the night when Mr. King left her at the door of the Van Clyffe house on Broadway. But the late hour, accounted for, no longer troubled either mother or daughter. There was so much to feel, so much to say, so many questions to ask, and to answer.

The night was a little frosty, and a few oak logs burned brightly on the hearth, while Catharine, healthily hungry, feasted on the fried chicken, and peach pie, and new milk,

spread for her refreshment before it. They were in 'mother's parlour,' a little room set apart for Madame Van Clyffe's use, between the house-place and the fine front rooms reserved for festive occasions. It contained only a wide sofa, a round table, two or three chairs, and the great carved *kas*, or cabinet, in which Madame kept her best china, her foreign preserves, and the silver in general use. After the bare simplicity of the schoolrooms it seemed a very palace of comfort; and Catharine was not too old, or too affected, to be charmed anew with its air of homely beauty, or to eat with real enjoyment the delicacies prepared for her.

"But where is Paul?" she asked, as soon as her first excitement was over.

"He will be here very soon, my dear little Katryntje! I have already told you how kind the master of Trinity school has been to Paul; and he is yet studying with him for two hours every other night."

"I thought then that Paul had passed all the Trinity classes?"

"That is so. But now he is learning — I know not what — something with a very hard name; something that is all curves, and lines, and figures."

"Then it will be, I suppose, some kind of arithmetic. How do boys learn, and even like, such things? As for me, mother, I have always hated even 'twice two is four.'"

Madame's face had a momentary shadow; she did not smile, or answer Catharine; and the girl, looking quickly up, was aware of some change which she could not define. It troubled her; she thought instantly of her father, and asked "When is my father coming?"

"I know not, dear one."

"Mother! I thought surely, when you sent for me, that my father was very near to his home."

"I try to believe that he is; for he has been so long, so long away! To-night we

will not speak of this subject; in the morning there will be much to say. Tell me now of your school, and of what you have learned this year."

This was a topic on which Catharine could easily be eloquent; and she was in the midst of a conversation about Elsie Evertsen, when Paul flung the door open with a cry of "Welcome! Welcome, little Tryntje!"

"Oh, Paul! It is good to see you again!" she answered. "And how tall you have grown! You are almost a man, Paul."

"Indeed I think so," answered the youth, stretching himself to his utmost height, and quite looking down on his pretty sister.

"But even so, Paul, sit down, and help me to eat my chicken and my peach pie."

"I am very willing, for I am very hungry. Trigonometry is not easy work."

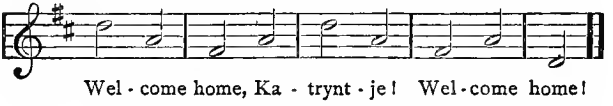
"I should think it was very hard work. The name is as bad as a day's journey. Why do you learn such a thing?"

"I like to learn it. I think, also, I shall find it very useful some day."

Then the mother turned the conversation back to Bethlehem, until Catharine said she was so sleepy there was nothing but bed to be thought of. And oh, how delightful was the white, drowsy room which she was to call her own for the future! Madame had spent many happy hours in preparing for her little girl: the tent bedstead with its white dimity curtains, and the pretty dressing-table, covered with snowy drapery of the same material, the rush chairs, the pretty blue rugs on the waxed and polished floor, the silver candlestick, the exquisite linen with its faint scent of lavender, the large Dresden vase full of asters, and *The Imitation* lying open at the "Four things which bring much peace" — all these tokens of thoughtful love and care filled Catharine's heart with inexpressible pleasure. She crept into her white, sweet nest, with a happy, grateful prayer on her lips,

and immediately fell into a deep and restful sleep.

A long sleep of nearly ten hours; and then, in a moment, she was wide awake. And with this first alert consciousness, there came — as if her angel had planned it so — the sound of the Bells. She smiled, and lay still listening:



That was exactly what they said to her; and then they struck eight o'clock.

She was as happy as if she had been blessed by a holy friend. She put her small, bare feet out of bed quickly; and dressed herself in a smiling hurry. What would they say at Bethlehem if they knew she had slept until eight o'clock? And then she pictured to herself the busy schoolroom, and felt her indolence all the more delightful for the imagination. And oh, how good it was to see her

mother's face, and to hear her loving "good-morning" as soon as she left her room! Truly she had been used to kindly stranger faces, and to very gentle words; but who can look into a girl's face as a mother can? And who but a mother could put a heaven of love into just two words — "*Dearest Tryntje!*"

"I am so late, mother; I deserve no breakfast."

"But it is waiting for you;" and she called Bosnay, a favorite negro slave to bring in the chocolate and eggs and hot cakes. Madame was kneading the fine wheat bread, and Bosnay served the girl with an affectionate familiarity, talking to her the while entirely in the Dutch. Madame, also, gave all her orders in the same language; but Catharine now found it a little difficult always to understand the voluble negress.

When Madame had put her loaves under a white towel to rise, Catharine had finished her breakfast; and her mother looked at her

with a tender irresolution, as if she was trying to decide some question that seriously affected her. And, in fact, this was the exact case. When Bosnay had cleared the table and left the room, a sudden silence — a silence full of feeling and meaning — fell between Madame and her little daughter. Catharine tried to break it, by telling her mother how sweetly she had slept, and how delightfully she had been awakened from her sleep. "The Bells called me, mother," she said. "They rung out '*Welcome home, Katryntje! Welcome home!*' as distinctly as possible. They did indeed."

"Dear one, I doubt it not. And yet I am so sorry they had to welcome you — but I saw not how to prevent it." And her face was so sad, as she spoke these words, that Catharine at once understood there was trouble in her heart.

"My mother," she answered, "to be with you, that is my great happiness. Is there, then, something you wish to tell me? Some reason why I *could not* stay longer at school?"

Madame sat down, and drew a chair for Catharine close to her side. "Sit close to me, Tryntje," she said; "sit very close, my dear one. There is a great reason. It is this — I have no more money."

"Oh mother! mother!"

"Your father is now two years gone away; and I have heard not one word from him these ten months. Always, when he was not coming home, he sent word to Claes Brevoort how to give me money, but Claes has heard nothing at all from him since he left. I am without money, Tryntje, and what to do I know not. Every morning I think before night your dear father will come. I listen for his step till my ears ache; and if there is a quick knock at the door I run to open it. I am so sure it is he. But no! Every night I pray the good God to have pity on us. I sleep not, until I am tired out with thinking and watching. Tryntje! Tryntje! I could bear it no longer without you!"

"Oh, my mother! So glad am I that you have brought me home. Do not be so distressed. There is more than one way to make money. We have friends also. And we can work. What says my brother Paul?"

"Paul has such a hoping heart. He says always 'To-morrow! To-morrow, mother!' But no! Even Paul has now begun to fear. A month since, he went to his Uncle Jacob and said 'Let me work with you.' My poor Paul!" Here she ceased speaking, and Catharine saw with an unspeakable pity, the large tears drop from her mother's eyes. She was shocked. She spoke almost in a whisper:

"Then Paul has gone to the tanning pits?"

"Yes."

There was a bitter pause. The position seemed impossible to Catharine. For the question of money had never entered her mind. She had some knowledge of other sorrows—of sickness, separation, unfriendliness, even death; but the want of money, that was an

idea strange and almost incredible. However she was a girl of quick instincts and ready sympathies, and she accepted without dispute the fact of their poverty.

"Have you told my grandmother Van Clyffe?" she asked.

"No one have I told but Paul and yourself."

"May I tell grandmother?"

"To that question, Tryntje, I know not what to answer. She loves me not. And she is angry at your father because nothing but a ship, and the world-wide seas, will please him."

"As if a Zealander could help loving the world-wide seas!" cried Catharine indignantly. "The sea, to my father, is everything that the fatherland is to a landsman. However, let me go and see grandmother. It is my duty to do so; and if I get the right moment, I will speak; and if I do not get the right moment, I will not speak."

"Go, then; and whatever you think it best to say, that I give you permission to say."

In a short time Catharine was ready for her visit. She put on her brown camblet frock, with its tippet of the same material, and a straw gypsy hat, tied under her chin with a wide brown sarsnet ribbon. Her fair hair lay in shining curls upon her shoulders, at her throat was a small gold brooch, and in her hand she had a posy of yellow asters — a blooming little maid, all brown and gold, with a face serious, but not sad, and eyes that shone with love, and loving purpose.

Her grandmother, Madame Judith Van Clyffe, lived in an old house in William Street. She had gone there when she married Roelf Van Clyffe, and in spite of the British occupancy of New York, and of the fact that her husband and three sons were with the Continental army or navy, *there* she had remained. Not without prudent management, however. She had permitted a noted

royalist during the war to occupy its first floor with his shop, on condition that she had the use of the upper floor. Into this upper floor she removed all her treasures; and then she suffered its windows to become covered with dust and spiders' webs, and to take on generally the appearance of being merely the storage place of the shop below them.

Ostensibly she removed to her son Jacob's fine house on the Bowery; and there she busied herself in making such delicious butter, and in growing such fine vegetables and fruits, for the Governor's and the officers' families, that they naturally protected her in a position so necessary for their own comfort. So Madame held her tongue, and worked hard, and made a great deal of money; and whenever she put away a British guinea, she said, with a little laugh of satisfaction, "It is a spoiling of the enemy; and when my men come home again, of the gold they will be glad."

But Roelf Van Clyffe never came home again; he died on the battle-field; and his eldest son died in hospital; and as Jansen was at sea with his ship, only Jacob came home when the war was over. Then Jacob took possession of his home, and Madame went back to her house on William Street; and there she was living when Catharine went to see her. The same store was still in the lower part of the house — only the royalist now paid a large rent for the premises — and Catharine went into it to ask if Madame Van Clyffe was within. The place had a pleasant smell of teas and spices, and she lingered a moment, after she had been answered. So it happened that her eyes rested on the figure of an Indian god seated on a shelf, among bundles of cinnamon bark, and bowls of nutmegs, and jars of preserved ginger. And the shelf was like a page out of a romance. She instantly began to wonder what brave sailor man had brought the image

"She led the way into the front room, and then, turning to Catharine, asked: 'But why are you here?'"

over thousands of miles of tossing seas; and the incident made her father very close to her memory. As she went up the bare, rickety stairs leading to her grandmother's rooms, she thought only of him; and her heart was suddenly troubled with fears for his safety — fears which she had never before felt.

The stairway ended in a narrow passage; and there were two closed doors in it. She tapped lightly on one of them, and in a moment or two it was opened wide; and her grandmother stood looking at her.

"Well, then, who are you?" she asked.

"Grandmother —"

"What?"

"Grandmother, I am Catharine."

"You!"

"It is so."

"Come in, then."

She led the way into the front room, and then, turning to Catharine, asked, "But why are you here?"

"I have left school; and I wished to see you."

"So? Well, then, here am I;" and she stood squarely before the girl, with her hands resting on her hips, and her eyes fixed on the fair, flushing face lifted to hers.

She was a tall woman with a broad, strong countenance, and thick light hair, tightly drawn backward under a white linen cap, without any border. She wore a dress perfectly Dutch in its character: a tight-fitting bodice, and a short quilted petticoat of the same cloth; home-knit stockings of grey worsted, clocked with scarlet; and low cut shoes, fastened with silver latchets. But Catharine saw none of these things; the old woman's personality dominated all such accidentals as petticoats or stockings; she did not even notice the string of large gold beads round her neck. It was the masterful look in her grey eyes and the sense of power in her strong mouth and erect figure which affected Catharine. That this power came from con-

centration of will, and from that oneness of mind that has never a doubt or a second thought behind it, was a fact which Catharine neither recognized nor reasoned about. But she did understand at once that this grandmother, of whom she knew so little, was a woman to be respected, perhaps even loved. So she smiled as she looked in the old, shrewd countenance, and said softly:

"I see that you are very like my dear father."

"Not so! Not so!" was the quick, curt reply; and then came the question "Why have you left school?"

"My mother needed me."

"And pray, then, at this strange school, what have you learned?"

"I have learned to play on the pianoforte and the guitar. I can draw and paint very well, and I have been taught to speak the French tongue."

"En wat omtrent de Hollandsche taal?"

"Grootmoeder, ik heb mijn moedertaal niet vergeten.[1] Also I have been well grounded in all useful branches of learning, and there is nothing that can be done with a needle, that I cannot perform — tambour embroidery and filigree work I understand well. I can sprig gauze, and embroider ribbons, and also make the most beautiful artificial flowers."

"Rest a little. A girl so clever is a girl out of a book. Who, then, is to do the spinning, and baking, and cleaning, and cooking, the making of clothes and the mending of them? God be thanked! to such fine schools all the girls do not go."

"Grandmother, I can spin thirty-four cuts of flax in one day, and the other things I shall learn in time from my dear mother."

"To speak truth — for I like the truth — I see not what use there is in this music and French. A different thing is the fine

[1] "And what about the Dutch language?"
"Grandmother, I have not forgotten my mother tongue."

needlework, but I like not pianofortes. Your cousins Gertrude and Alida last week were cross and unhappy because they also want a pianoforte. Why do they want such a thing? I never had a pianoforte, and yet I am very contented."

"If you could hear my dear teachers sing their sweet songs to its music, then you also would want a pianoforte, my grandmother."

"I would not. Of that I am sure. Your cousins have a negro man, who, when they want to dance, plays the fiddle very well. And they have music in the church. I am not opposed to music in the church, but music in the house, when there is no dancing and no company, that, in my opinion, is not moral or respectable — it is not the Dutch style. Listen! The good God gave you not life to waste it."

"I do not intend to waste my life, grandmother. I intend to work, and to use my life for something good."

"To work!" and she lifted Catharine's small white hands, and then let them fall with a shrug of her broad shoulders. "Work! What can those hands do? Look here!" and she held out her own hands; large, capable, full-veined, and graven all over with the unmistakable signs of daily labor.

"You shall see that my hands can work, grandmother."

"So?" she spoke with a tone of incredulity, and Catharine rose and went to look at a magnificent piece of Middelburg tapestry hanging against the wall.

"How beautiful is this work!" she cried in an enthusiasm. "Such a border is beyond all praise. Oh, how much I would like to copy it!"

But Madame Judith Van Clyffe made no answer to Catharine's eager desire. She watched her a few moments and then said, "If to work you want, then go not from one thing to another, like a key that will not fit

any lock. What you will do, choose, and then stand firmly by that choice. And in a hurry be not. With time every one gets into their right place. Now, then, I wish you to go away. This afternoon I have many things to do, and listen to me! say not to your cousins that you have been here; for then they also would come, and it is not my desire to be disturbed in my own house."

She spoke coldly and with determination, and Catharine felt that she was no longer wanted. No opportunity to speak of her father's absence had been given her, and her abrupt dismissal made it impossible. Her affections and her pride were both wounded, and she thought it best not to go at once to her home. The beloved mother had sorrow enough, why should she add to it? So she walked down to the Battery, and stood there, and let the fresh salt wind blow away the little fret and tumult of her hurt feelings. And as she waited, her thoughts were busy with the

future. She knew she would have to work, and she looked earnestly at the small, slender hands which had provoked such scornful unbelief in their ability. Between her and the happy life she had dreamed of living, there seemed to have suddenly arisen a high, blank wall; would those small hands be able to help her over it? And as she wondered, a thought leaped into her mind, and it was as if she had seen a door open in that wall. With an eager light in her eyes, and a smile on her lips, she turned and began to walk rapidly homeward.

Her mother was standing at the window, watching for her return, and she instantly resolved to say nothing of her grandmother's hasty dismissal; for perhaps, after all, she had no reason to take offence. So she met her mother with pleasant words, and they sat down to talk of her visit.

"It is a far better report than I expected," said Madame Van Clyffe; "but did you not speak of your father at all to her?"

"Only once, and she put the subject away with a curt answer. Is she very angry with father?"

"I fear so. He grieved her many years ago, and she does not forgive."

"But at last she will forgive, for I do not think she is really hard. I shall pray to the good God about it; for the heart that is closed to us may be open to God."

"Dear one, that is the truth. Now, then, I will talk to you of the only thing that is to be done. Many nights and days I have thought it over, and I am sure that we shall not fail. You see that this is a very beautiful house. There are in it many rooms, all well furnished. We can rent four, even six of them, and then there will remain more than we require for our own use. Claes Brevoort is of my mind. He says that he knows the captains of all the large foreign packets, and that he will speak to them about us. They bring many rich travellers who will be glad to pay

for comfortable lodgings. Do you understand?"

"Yes, mother."

"Bosnay will do the cooking, Sibbey the laundry work, Jane will attend to the chambers and wait on the table, and old Pop will cut the wood and keep the fires going. I must be housekeeper, and you, my dear little girl, must set the table, and dust the parlors, and wash the fine china and silver. Can you do all this?"

"Oh, my mother! I can do all you say, and much more. So glad I will be to have my hands full from morning to night! I have also a very good thought. I will write a little note to Mrs. Van Horne, and to Mrs. White, and tell them how beautifully I can sprig crape gowns, and embroider ribbons, and paint hand fans, and work crests and initials on handkerchiefs, and fine linen, and when I add that I learned these things from the Moravian Sisters I shall have plenty of such work,

and can make, I think, a great deal of money."

"Darling Tryntje, I cannot permit you to do such a thing! Do you not know that these ladies have been intimate with me when the Government was in Philadelphia and I was staying with my father? I have often thought that I would renew my acquaintance with them when your education was finished, in order that you might have the advantage of their society. Oh, my child, how can I bear to see you embroider their gowns, when I have always hoped, that you would be received by them as their friend?"

"Mother, I shall be quite as happy embroidering as dancing. Besides, I am yet too young to go to balls and parties, and before the right time comes, who knows what may happen? There was a Scotch girl at Bethlehem, who used in every disappointment to comfort herself with an ancient rhyme that went like this:

"'Bide ye yet, and bide ye yet,
Ye never ken what will betide ye yet;'

and at any rate, father may come home some day when we are not thinking of such a good thing."

But Madame Van Clyffe was hard to persuade; it was not until Catharine laid her wet cheek against her mother's, and with loving kisses pleaded for her own way that she gave in so far as to promise, if Paul was willing, no further objection should be made to her proposal. These plans gave them much to talk over, but they also filled their hearts with new hopes. Life began to look possible to Madame Van Clyffe, and Catharine had all the bright, self-denying enthusiasms which make youth so lovely and so lovable. It is true she was disappointed, and a flush of annoyance flamed in her cheeks when she thought of Lucia and Mary and Elsie. She had anticipated so many pleasures, and had promised to write them full accounts of all

her mother's visitors, and all her own amusements, in the gay and great city of New York. It would be humiliating to acknowledge the change which had taken place in her circumstances; and for a moment or two she felt that she would rather break her promise to write than do so; but she soon put down the unworthy thought, and resolved, in order to punish it, to make her confession of poverty as complete as the truth demanded.

About two o'clock in the afternoon, Catharine's mother said: "My child, your brother would certainly tell Gertrude and Alida of your return. I think, then, they will call here very soon. Will you not put on something that is prettier than your brown dress?"

Catharine glanced at her simple gown, and her small white apron with its ruffled bib, and answered: "I think this dress is quite proper in my own home, and there is now no time to change it. Some one is knocking at the door, and I dare say it is my cousins."

They listened a moment in silence, and then there was a sound of voices and a rustle of drapery, and the parlor door was opened for two girls, who seemed to be about Catharine's age. Both were pretty, and the younger, Alida, was considered a beauty; but all three girls had the curling, golden hair, the brilliant complexions, and the tall supple figures of those Zealand women, who for centuries had drunk in health and beauty from the great North Sea.

Madame Van Clyffe soon left them alone, and then Gertrude at once threw off her great coat of dove-colored taffeta, and her large hat, heavy with feathers. Alida instantly followed her example. Then they asked Catharine to play for them on the pianoforte; and they were filled with amazement and some little envy at her skill.

"Father would buy us an instrument," said Gertrude, "but our grandmother Van Clyffe will not permit it. To be sure, we have

to obey her, for she is very rich; but for all that, I think when women fall so far behind the times, they ought to — retire."

"However," said Alida, "she is not against the singing school. It is held by Mr. Keller, in the vestry of the church; and Gertrude has been asked to sing in the choir."

"Then I am sure you will sing for me," said Catharine, turning to her cousin. "And here are some of the newest songs."

"I know all the hymns and songs in the 'Chorister's Companion'" answered Gertrude, "but they may not be the newest. However, both I and Alida can sing by note."

"Here are the latest songs, then," said Catharine. "This English hunting catch, 'A Hunting we will go.' Do you know it? Or 'Soldier Tired with War's Alarms,' or 'The Cottage Maid,' or 'The Heaving of the Lead,' or Gluck's 'Come, sweet Sleep,' or, if you like best an American chorus, here is one sung on the last Fourth of July" — and

she began to hum softly as she touched the notes.

> "Fly, Fly, swift-winged Fame!
> The news proclaim,
> From shore to shore;
> Let cannons roar,
> And joyful voices shout
> Columbia's Name!"

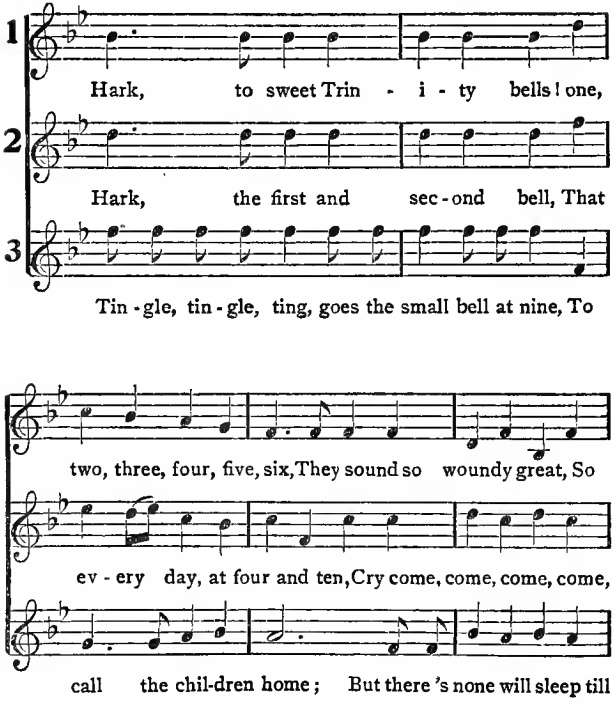
"We know not one of those," said Alida; "are they pretty?"

Just at that moment, Trinity Bells began their hour chime, and the girls ceased speaking until the delightful melody was finished. Then Catharine said, with a charming excitement, "*Now*, I know what will please us all! I have here a famous bell round. It is for three voices. Let us learn it together. It will pass half an hour so delightfully. It is called 'Christ Church Bells,' but we will sing it for 'Trinity Bells!'"

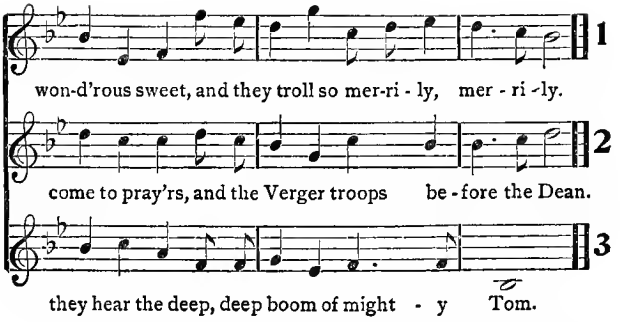
They were delighted at the proposal and eager to begin, and as the music was easily

read, in ten minutes they were filling the house with the old-world melody.

TRINITY BELLS!



Trinity Bells



It delighted them so much that for nearly an hour they followed each other round and round in this tuneful fugue or unison. Then they were tired and Alida began to ask questions.

"Who or what is this 'mighty Tom?' Catharine" she said. "Is it possible that you know?"

"I know," answered Catharine, "because Brother Van Vleck, the principal of Bethlehem school, told us when we learned the music. He would not allow us to sing what we did not understand. He said that 'Mighty Tom' or 'Great Tom' is a large bell, given to Christ Church, Oxford, in the year 1545, and that it strikes one hundred and one strokes every

"It delighted them so much that for nearly an hour they followed each other round and round in this tuneful fugue or unison"

night to remind people of the splendid charities which had founded there one hundred and one scholarships. He told us also, that there was a 'Great Tom' of Lincoln, and a 'Great Peter' of York, and that 'Dunstan' of Canterbury, and 'Edward' of St. Paul's were all famous bells. When a King of England or an Archbishop or a Lord Mayor of London dies, then the clapper of 'Edward' of St. Paul's is muffled. This clapper weighs one hundred and eighty pounds, and its muffled tone, so dull and booming, is said to be awful, and not long to be endured."

"All this is very interesting," said Gertrude, "but let us now see some of your needlework. Aunt Sarah has told us about it, and to be sure Maria Van Vleck, who was also at Bethlehem, has some very fine things to show."

Then they went together to Catharine's room and examined her embroideries and paintings, and she gave to Gertrude a pretty fan which she had painted, and to Alida a piece

of ribbon embroidered with rosebuds. Then they talked of her school experiences and companions, and Gertrude said she had seen Elsie Evertsen at church; "and her father is very rich," she added. "They have a fine country house in Greenwich village, and they own many slaves and live in a most genteel manner."

About five o'clock the girls were all tired. They had talked, and sung, and wondered, and criticised, and praised, and explained till every subject was exhausted. "And I think we ought to go home early," said Gertrude, "for there was something unusual happening, I am sure. Everywhere in the streets men were standing together and talking as if they were angry. I dare say it is war. For my part, I shall not be sorry if we make up our minds to give those insolent Frenchmen a few lessons in minding their own business."

"I do not understand," said Catharine.

"But very soon you will understand. Noth-

ing else is now talked about but war — war, and only war. Every young man is for fighting France; and indeed many of the old men have also the same temper. My father says, 'we must be protected in our trade and commerce, lawfully if possible, lawfully with violence, if need be.' I think to-day, perhaps, there has come the 'need-be.'"

As this conversation was in progress, Catharine was assisting her cousins to put on their great-coats and hats; and as soon as their toilet was completed, they went away with many expressions of pleasure and friendship. But Catharine was sad, and she knew not why, until she found her mother knitting by the window in the house place. Then she understood. It was care. She had put it away while entertaining her cousins, but it was there waiting for her; and, somehow, the hope that had lightened it while she talked with her mother had fled away. She almost felt as if she had done wrong to be so happy while

that dumb fear about her father was in her heart, and while their future was so unsettled and uncertain.

"You have had a happy afternoon, Tryntje, I think."

"Yes, mother," she answered; "but I should have been happier alone with you. I tried once or twice to tell Gertrude and Alida what we must do; but, mother, it seems so hard to talk of poverty. You would imagine people knew when you were going to begin and purposely turned the conversation."

"It was better not to speak until our plans are settled. To-night Paul will not go out, and we can talk everything down to the last letter. Paul has a great deal of fore-sense, and he is not discouraging."

In fact, Paul proved to be full of encouragement. He said Mrs. Daubigney and other ladies of the highest respectability rented part of their houses, and that Catharine's plan was entirely sensible, and very creditable. And

with this assurance they talked over each proposition in all its relations, and Paul took a piece of paper and noted the probable expenses of the house, and the probable income from all sources. It seemed businesslike to him, and Madame Van Clyffe had the most profound respect for figures. So when Paul had added up his list and declared that there "might be a surplus of perhaps fifty dollars a month," all were confident and happy. Fifty dollars a month seemed a very nice sum to come and go on, and Madame even felt a slight stirring of that spirit of thrift, which the Dutch nature is seldom quite without. Her mother-in-law's cleverness and economies during the Revolutionary war, were a standing subject for family pride, and there came into her heart a glow of commercial ambition. Perhaps she also might make money and be able to prove to this woman who had always slighted her abilities that she had not deserved the scorn meted out to her.

It was nearly ten o'clock when they separated, — Madame and Catharine both full of hope, and almost eager for the morrow, that they might at once begin their new life. But Paul, as soon as he was alone, sank to the level of his own feelings, which were neither happy nor hopeful. It grieved the young man that he could not make sufficient money to support the mother and sister whom he so tenderly loved. And besides this, the money he did earn was made in sorrow and disappointment. His whole nature cried out for the sea, and he hated the business of tanning with an intensity which he dared not explain. It made him sick. It filled him with unspeakable longings to run a thousand miles away. He had nearly finished his course of navigation and his hands burned for the wheel. He could think only of ships and the sea. He was like a stormy petrel shut up in a cage. And he believed no one understood or pitied him.

For a little while he indulged himself in this dangerous luxury of self-pity; then he remembered, not only his mother's and sister's unspoken sympathy, but the expressed fellow-feeling of a man so undemonstrative as his Uncle Jacob. It was on a certain hot day, when his work had been specially intolerable, and he had not hesitated to express his hatred of it. Without anger, Jacob Van Clyffe listened to his complaints, and thus answered them:

"Paul, thou art dissatisfied. For thee I am sorry. Yes, indeed! But complaining is not for men. Patience! The better time will come. The bare twigs, the frozen river, do they complain? Not so. *They wait!*"

And Paul was not sorry to remember that he had looked up at his uncle with grateful tears in his eyes. *They wait!* The words comforted him. He said them over frequently, and finally went to sleep with them on his lips.— *They wait!*

III

The Stranger in the House

CHAPTER III

THE STRANGER IN THE HOUSE

"WAKE up, Catharine, you have a great deal to do to-day." This was what the busy-hearted girl said to herself as soon as she opened her eyes. She was eager to begin her new life, and full of almost impossible resolutions as to the amount of work she could do. Her heart was so brave and loving, her ideas of duty so large, her confidence in her own strength and abilities so great, that things impossible seemed reasonable. All she feared was that the days would not be long enough to permit the accomplishment of her plans.

Her happy, hopeful temper soon influenced her mother, and even sent Paul to his hated work with a lighter heart. No one could resist her air of busy happiness and that assuring

quality of success which entered into all she said and did. The first of the duties was to remove from the rooms to be rented all family portraits and personal property, and to empty drawers and wardrobes of clothing and linen. In this work Catharine was especially useful. To and fro, from room to room, up and down stairs, from floor to floor she went, carrying out her mother's instructions with a cheerful intelligence. And no one needs to be told how this kind of work threw the whole house into confusion. Pictures had to be rehung, and fresh places found for clothes and linen; and when all this was accomplished, glass and paint already spotless were to be made more spotless, and floors already waxed and polished to the danger point, to be waxed and polished still higher. The Dutch passion for cleanliness was inherent in both mother and daughter, and for a week they indulged it to its fullest extent.

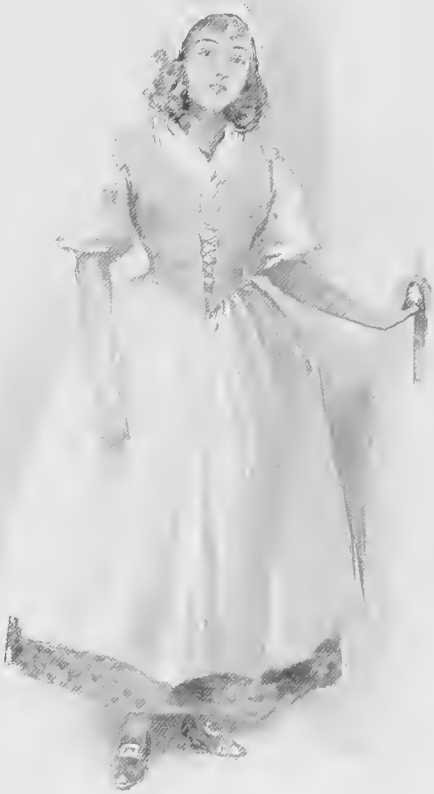
It had been latent in Catharine's nature

hitherto, but in this one week of action it obtained a position in her ideas that no after experience altered. Henceforward, her room was not only neat and tidy; it had an almost religious atmosphere of spotlessness. And there were times when this atmosphere was of great — though perhaps unrecognized — moral service to her; when she found in the stillness and repose which accompanied its purity and order a peace and strength that would not have been present in a room full of the restlessness that abides with confusion and disorder. So that, apart from all other service, she endowed herself, in this one week of household duty, with a sensibility which affected her whole future in the most favorable manner.

And, though she was not aware of the fact, never had her great beauty been so remarkable. Her home dress had always been Dutch in character, and this dress she felt instinctively was the most suitable for her employment. But then, how pretty it was! Her little feet

in their buckled shoes were admirably supplemented by the short quilted petticoat and white linen bodice, while the last touch of quaintness was given by the peculiar small white cap which she had worn at school, and which she now assumed to cover and keep in place her beautiful hair. Nowhere out of a picture could have been found so lovely a girl in a dress so picturesque and so suitable. When she first appeared in it her mother involuntarily smiled approval and Paul stopped drinking his coffee to look at her, and then sententiously declared: "For the Dutch girl there is nothing so beautiful as the Dutch dress."

It certainly, after this experience, became a favorite house costume with Catharine. Even if she put on a more fashionable dress in the afternoon it was a little Dutch girl in short quilted petticoats and pretty linen bodice that came pattering downstairs every morning and went singing about the house-place, setting the breakfast-table and rubbing the least speck of



"'For the Dutch girl there is nothing so beautiful as the Dutch dress.'"

dust from off the furniture. And it was a little Dutch girl that a month after this might always be found in her mother's parlor, painting fans and screens or embroidering gowns and ribbons with an industry that grudged every hour that chimed. So much so that she would frequently say:

"Oh bells! I know you are all wrong. It is not half an hour since you said 'Ten o'clock, Katryntje,' and now you are chiming eleven."

This month had been on the whole a very interesting one. Madame had not, indeed, rented her best rooms, but the three on the upper floor were occupied by Jacob Van Clyffe's book-keeper and by two of the clerks in the Bank of New York. To be sure the fifty dollars surplus which Paul had so confidently predicted was not apparent, but then, as he said, "every business must have time to grow, and to make expenses is not a bad beginning."

The undertaking had met with no opposition. When the house was ready for strangers

Madame went to see her brother-in-law. She explained to him her position and her plans, and he approved what she had done, and promised to help her in any way within his power. Then they spoke of *The Golden Victory* and her captain, and Jacob was much distressed to hear of his brother's long silence.

"But dead he is not, Sarah!" he said with great positiveness. "At sea you cannot make things go smack-smooth. My dear brother Jan home will come. Perhaps with the shadow of many far-off countries on his face, but yet, home he will come! As for me, I do not fear for Jansen. In the great South Sea there are calms, than any tempest far worse. On some unknown island he may be cast. Rich lands he may have come to, never before seen by any man. So many strange, unlikely things can happen to the ship and the sailor. Sarah, fear not. In the right hour home comes every wanderer."

"Jan was always so careful to provide for

our wants. I think it will grieve him much, Jacob, that I have had to rent my house."

"Not so. To be poor is not sinful. Whoever is poor may say so. There must be poor people. That is necessary."

"Claes Brevoort is of your opinion, but not so Jan's friend, Van Beveland; he thinks I do a wrong to Jan to work, and to take strangers into his home."

"Van Beveland! He, indeed! He is proud, he scoffs at honest labor — but then he is a Lutheran. Go your way, Sarah, work boldly, and leave the rest to God."

It was Catharine who broke the news to her cousins. She had written that morning a letter to her school companions, telling them plainly of her father's long absence, and her mother's want of money, and their intentions for the future. It had cost her a little pain at first to do this; but as she wrote she gathered courage and independence, and the closing page of her letter was full of hope and antici-

pated success; so that she was in a very good mood for a further explanation.

Yet, with an instinctive wisdom, she dressed herself very prettily for a visit to her cousins. It was a beautiful day at the end of September; and as soon as she had passed beyond the city, the still serenity of the autumn was all around her. The air was subtle and ethereal; the foliage of the trees, thin and delicate; and the wild vines covered every wall and fence with a richer drapery of scarlet and purple and gold than was ever woven for a king's robes. Over the few late flowers the bees hummed in a melancholy manner; but the birds sang no more. Even the merry wrens were altered. They had become shy, and they twittered and complained, and were restless and anxious, like those going on long journeys.

Jacob Van Clyffe's house was on the East River bank; perhaps three-quarters of a mile beyond the city. It was a long brick house of two stories, with a red roof and big square

chimneys, and a side door having a little roof of its own, and a kindly-looking green front door, the upper half of which was open. Through it could be seen the dusky, wide hall, with its queer table, and large china vases filled with sweet clover and woodbine. Inserted in the bricks above this front door were some Arabic numerals "A. 1700. D." It was therefore a century-old home, comfortable and prosperous-looking, standing well back in a fine garden sloping down to the river bank, where there was a shelter for a boat, and some fishing tackle. Catharine noticed these things, as she walked up to the door, through a path bordered with flowers and shrubs, and sweet with the delicate incense of the odorous everlastings. Her cousins saw her approach, and ran out to meet and welcome her.

"Such a long time you have been in coming, Catharine," said Alida reproachfully. "Every day we have looked for you, and every day we have been disappointed."

"I suppose, then, it is the genteel thing to wait ten days before you return a call from your near kindred," said Gertrude.

"I know not anything about genteel times, Gertrude," answered Catharine. "I could not come before to-day, because I have been helping my mother, who has been very busy indeed."

"Is it the winter cleaning time? But no! Grandmother says in three weeks it will be soon enough to put up stoves, and lay the carpets. Then what misery it is! But there is no help for it — one must have a winter cleaning."

"It was not the winter cleaning," answered Catharine. "Mother is going to rent most of our house, and I was helping her to prepare it." Then she went on, a little hurriedly, "Mother is obliged to rent, because we have heard nothing of my father for nearly two years, — and we have no money."

"How dreadful!"

"It is very inconvenient, Alida, but I do

not think it is dreadful. For my part, I am sure it will be rather pleasant to work and to make money. I am going to embroider, and paint fans and screens. I wish to help mother all I can."

"The idea! The very idea of such a thing! Why you are only a schoolgirl!" exclaimed Gertrude. "Grandmother will not like it. She will say it is not moral and respectable — everything she disapproves is 'not moral and respectable.'"

"That I cannot help," answered Catharine. "It would be still less respectable and still more immoral to borrow, or beg, or even to complain. I think mother is exactly right. Paul thinks so also, and Paul is sensitive and has very fine feelings."

"Paul is Paul Van Clyffe; that, and nothing else," said Gertrude.

"*That* is sufficient. One cannot be more than God wills." Catharine spoke with a little tone of offence, for she was very fond

and proud of her brother, and Gertrude instantly understood the feeling.

"No offence was meant, Tryntje, and so none need be taken. I will tell you what thought has come into my mind. Suppose you teach Alida and me the pianoforte. Suppose you ask my father. He will not refuse you, and if he says 'Yes,' even grandmother will not be able to say 'No.' Have you any objections to teach us?"

"It would be a great pleasure."

"Father is now in the garden among his dahlias. He is always amiable when he is in the garden. Come, let us go and talk to him."

"Very well. Brother Van Vleck used to tell us never to lose an opportunity. I should think this was an opportunity."

"Well, then, come and see."

They went hand in hand through the dim, sweet hall and out through the off-dock, full of bright milk-pans, into the garden. The walk through it, down to the river, was lined

" 'Welcome, little one!' said Uncle Jacob. 'So, then, school is over for thee?' "

with maples — maples that had the last night suffered an enchantment, and changed their green dress for one of crimson and brown and orange. Beyond them were masses of flaming dahlias, scarlet and yellow and purple and white, their lovely leaves fluted and folded with the most delicate precision and beauty. Jacob Van Clyffe stood among them with a pair of scissors in his hand. He was snipping off all that was withered, and pruning all that was yet growing; and his face, strong and placid, had something in it of the innocent pleasure of a child. He looked kindly at the three girls, and stooped and kissed Catharine on the forehead:

"Welcome, little one!" he said. "So, then, school is over for thee?"

"Many things, uncle, I have yet to learn."

"That is the truth. Always going on, in some way, is the education of life."

Then Gertrude looked at Catharine with eyes which would not be denied, and Catharine

said, "Uncle, you know that at the present time we are poor. I wish to help my mother, and so I think it would be a kind thing if you permit me to teach my cousins how to play on the pianoforte. They are very desirous to learn, and I can teach them, just as I have been taught. It would be a great kindness, Uncle Jacob. What say you?"

He did not answer at once. He lifted his eyes and looked steadily at his niece. From her simple, modest drapery, her bright face looked back at him with a charming expression of hope, goodness, and intelligence. He felt its influence. A smile slowly spread over his countenance, and he answered:

"It is the way. Talk to a woman, even to a little girl, and then she asks something from you."

"Dear Uncle Jacob, to whom shall little girls go, but to their fathers and their uncles? Of ourselves what can we do?"

"That is the truth, little one. So you must work?"

"I wish to work, uncle."

"Yes, yes! But let me tell thee something. Work cheerfully. Work may give us daily bread; but it is cheerfulness that gives daily bread relish."

"To work does not trouble me, uncle. It is necessary, therefore it is to be done."

"To be sure. And this is also the truth: if a girl rejects work, then nothing great or high will ever come out of that girl's life. Work, and then also have the courage to be happy."

"I am happy. I do not fear."

"Fear!" cried Uncle Jacob, snapping his fingers, "fear is made of nothing. No trouble that can come will shake the brave heart. And I will tell you, moreover, that the troubles of life are like hills. In the distance they look high; but when near you come, there is always some way over them."

"That is true, uncle. But what about the music?"

Then he laughed. "So! I see that you

have your grandmother's way — you stick to the point."

"I will teach for one guinea a quarter, uncle."

"What said I? First, girls ask from you a favor; then they desire you to pay them for taking the favor — that follows as the thread follows the needle. I should also have to buy a pianoforte. I should have to endure the noise of it, and I am a peace-loving man. I like to be quiet — to think —"

"If you had only heard Gertrude and Alida singing to the pianoforte last week! They have most sweet voices. And you could sing with them, uncle; it would be a great pleasure."

"What say you? I think it would make me a great trouble. Your grandmother would take it as an affront."

"But a man does as he likes, uncle, and grandmother to you would say: 'If you wish to buy a pianoforte, Son Jacob, then buy one.' It is only to Gertrude and Alida she says:

'There shall be no pianoforte.' My cousins must come to you for their desire. You have said 'when we come we want something.' So it is. Do not refuse us, Uncle Jacob. I must make some money; I wish, then, that my first money should come out of your purse."

And her bright young eyes looked at him with such eager hopes he could not bear to dash them. "You are a good girl, Katryntje! I think that you have one of those sweet souls, in which nothing will turn to bitterness. You may teach Gertrude and Alida, and I will pay you one guinea each quarter."

"For each pupil, uncle. It is best to understand at the beginning."

"You are right. For each I will pay one guinea. To-morrow you must go with me to the music warehouse of Seton and Irving, and show me how to choose a good pianoforte. If then I make a mistake, I shall have you to put the blame on."

At these words none of the girls could

restrain their joy. They put their arms around his neck and kissed him. They told him in twenty different ways, how happy he had made them all. And surely as he stood there among his dahlias, with the bright young faces against his face, and their glad words bringing the smiles to his lips; he also was happy, though he pretended to be quite alarmed at the thing he had done.

Then the girls knew it was best to go away with the promise they had obtained. "Father will think it all over among his flowers, and come in satisfied," said Gertrude. "And when shall we begin, dear Catharine?" she asked.

They talked the matter fully over, as they strolled and stood in the garden; and it was finally agreed that each girl should have two lessons weekly, but that they should never both come on the same day. Then Catharine said she must go home. "Mother feels so lonely without me," she added, with a pretty little touch of pride in her importance.

"And we shall call for you about the instrument to-morrow," said Gertrude. "I shall be unhappy until it is bought. And indeed I hope grandmother will not come until it is our own, and in our own house. When a thing is done, grandmother knows better than to oppose it. She will say: 'Well, then, who can teach fools wisdom?' or something like that —and after a little while she will make some good out of it. I think I shall yet hear her say, 'My granddaughters have very fine voices, and I am not opposed to them singing the popular melodies.' So, and so, grandmother will turn herself round, and then declare to every one: 'Where my principles are concerned, I am immovable.'"

"I would not speak in that way of grandmother, Gertrude. It is not right."

"She is so provoking."

"She is the mother of your good father."

"Thank you, cousin. Do not be too amiable, I entreat you."

They were at the garden gate as Gertrude said these words, and she laughed so good-naturedly that no offence could be taken at them. Still they left an unpleasant impression, and Catharine said to her mother as they talked over the successful visit:

"I am sure that I like Alida best. Gertrude is very selfish. It is only of her own pleasure she thinks. I could see that."

"Gertrude is vain, and a vain girl is always selfish. Yet, think of this — God gave to her the fine voice on which she prides herself; God gave to her the pretty face and graceful figure of which she is so vain; her father gave to her the education which perfects these gifts, he also supplies her with the handsome clothing she wears, and the good home in which she lives; why then should she be vain? What has she done to warrant such approbation as she takes to herself, or such admiration as she expects from others? I say these things, my child, to warn you against taking to your

own credit the credit which belongs to God and your parents; that is a great sin, though girls are not apt to think of it."

The next day the pianoforte was selected, bought, and, to Gertrude's delight, sent home that afternoon. It was a very fine instrument, a Broadwood, with the unusual scale of five octaves, and the following week the music lessons began. Gertrude, who had genuine talent, paid great attention to both the theory and practice of the art, and her success was easily predicated, from her very first lesson. Alida had neither the natural ability, nor the natural industry of her elder sister. She wished only to play and to sing the pretty dances and songs which she admired, and as she had a good ear, with a fine sense of time, she easily acquired what she wished to learn — so easily, that she was impatient of the necessary technical education, and it was difficult for Catharine to gain her attention for the hour's lesson. She interrupted it continually to talk, to tell of

Gertrude's and her own disputes, and of the small impositions and household tyrannies which Gertrude, as the elder, imposed upon her. It was not always easy to evade such confidences; besides, Catharine's sympathies were with Alida. She had felt once that imperious glance of command, which compelled her to open without a moment's delay, the subject of the piano lessons, and though she had obeyed the command, perhaps for that very reason, she resented it.

For nearly a month there was no further change in the affairs of the Van Clyffes. Catharine attended to her pupils and her house duties, and walked a little, and read a little,—and waited. It was her mother's desire that she should wait until some favorable opportunity enabled Madame Van Clyffe herself to speak of her daughter's abilities, and of her wish to turn them into money. And one morning, as she was standing in Rhodes and McGregor's store at 187 Pearl Street, the opportunity

came. She was examining some kerseymeres and rose blankets, when a sweet voice at her side said :

" Good morning, Madame Van Clyffe. It is an age since I had the pleasure of seeing you."

Madame turned to the speaker. It was Mrs. White. She had been intimate with her in Philadelphia, when the seat of government was in that city, but they had drifted apart afterwards. However, Mrs. White and her handsome daughters were now residing in their house on Broadway; and after the shopping was finished, they walked towards their homes together. The next day Mrs. White called on her old friend, and Catharine was introduced to her. Then the subject of her education coming naturally to discussion, all the rest followed. Her work was examined and highly praised, and within a few days Catharine was busily and happily employed. And no further advertisement of her skill and intentions was ever necessary. Her hands were constantly full

of beautiful work, and her heart was as happy as it could be.

So, little by little, the home horizon brightened. They made enough to live on, and though the future held no wealthy prospects, it had at least a promise of economical sufficiency. And there are few lives without that delightful element of "possibility" which makes sameness not only endurable, but hopeful. Certainly Catharine held it with cheerful persistence. What a day would bring forth she could not tell, and for that very reason she expected nothing but what was good. And as Expectation and Desire open the door for good fortune, she was not very much astonished when a piece of good fortune came to them. It came unexpectedly, without any intimation, which was natural, for Destiny loves surprises, and though no one had any idea they were opening the door to Destiny, such was really the case.

It was on a snowy day in November — one

of those snowy days which are full of good temper, the air not unpleasantly cold, the snowflakes dry and exhilarating. Men passed each other with a joke or an anticipation; boys went whistling through the streets with delight, thinking of the Powder Hill, and the fine coasting the snow would give them. Catharine sat close to the window, partly to get the best possible light, and partly to hear clearly the happy chiming of Trinity Bells, by which she was timing her work — so many leaves in so many minutes — and any girl knows how pleasant such a race with time can make itself, and how inspiring the musical warning of 15 — 30 — 45 — 60 minutes can become.

In a peculiarly clear and joyous tone the Bells had just rung eleven when some one knocked at the door. It was not a common, indifferent knock, it was an imperative, impatient summons, like the knock of one who brings good tidings and is not afraid to hurry and to command attention. Catharine dropped

her needle to listen. She distinguished clearly the voice of the eldest Bank clerk who lodged with them, but there was also another voice, low, but penetrating, and of singular authority. In a few moments her mother joined the two men and she heard them go upstairs together.

"It is a new lodger," she decided, "and mother will tell me all about it;" and with this thought she bent her eyes upon her needle. But she could not work; she felt that "something had happened" and she watched impatiently for the news. In about a quarter of an hour the visitors went away, and Madame Van Clyffe came to Catharine with a face full of pleasure, and yet with a manner hurried and anxious.

"*Katryntje!*" she exclaimed, "such a fortunate thing has happened to us! Mr. Billings brought here an English gentleman, who has taken the two large front rooms on the floor above, and also the small room at the back of the house. And they are to stay all the winter!

And, besides this, what think you? He will pay me three guineas every week!"

"Mother! mother, how glad I am! But then, what can a man want with two large rooms and one small one? That is very singular."

"Not so. One of the large front rooms is to be made into a parlor, and the small room is for the gentleman's servant."

"Then he is a very fine gentleman, I suppose?"

"Mr. Billings could tell me very little about him. He only knew that his name was Errington, that he is an Englishman, that his remittances come to the Bank of New York, and that he has just arrived from Mount Vernon, where he has been spending a week with General Washington. I should think, for reference, that one thing would be sufficient. A very fine gentleman I thought him, not at all proud, and quite pleased with the rooms. Would you believe it, Tryntje, he spoke of

their 'sweet cleanliness' and said 'it was delightful.'"

"Very good is all this, mother, but what think you of the servant? Will not a white servant make trouble among our slaves? If he should be rude or cross to them, what would happen? They have not been used to anything but kindness and civility. I wish, indeed, the English gentleman had come without a servant."

"He seemed to be an extremely inoffensive creature. He never spoke unless Mr. Errington asked him a question; and then he only said 'Yes, sir,' or 'No, sir.' I must now go quickly to work. There is a bed to be taken away and some chairs and parlor furniture carried upstairs. And the fires must be lighted at once, for the rooms are very, very cold. In three hours they are to be ready. I want all the help I can get."

"In two minutes, mother, my work will be folded away, and I shall be ready to help you."

"Well, then, I shall be glad. Not every day comes such good fortune, and we must receive it with willing hands and happy hearts."

Then what a pleasant little tumult ran through the house! Fires were soon burning brightly in all three rooms, and the largest of the three was quickly transformed into a handsome parlor. But, after all, the best furniture was the big blazing fire of oak logs burning on their bright brass irons and throwing ruddy splendors on the snow-white hearth and the papered walls and the grey moreen curtains.

Imagine now what a vivid interest had suddenly come into the Van Clyffe household. It was not diminished by the fact that Mr. Errington that very night went out to dine with Governor Jay, nor by the report of Jane — who had held the candle which lighted him into his chair — that he was dressed in white satin breeches and a dark blue velvet coat lined with white satin, and trimmed with silver lace. "He had diamond buckles in his shoes," she

added, in a voice full of admiration, "and there was lace at his wrists and lace at his throat and shining rings on his white hands." And at every fresh description Jane's adjectives grew more and more resplendent and superlative.

Then the whole affair was to talk over with Paul. Paul had come home that night full of exciting political news, but he could not arouse any interest in his tidings. Just at present the affairs of the nation were not interesting to Madame and Catharine. War and rumors of war, and Napoleon's wonderful victories in Italy, though they set the hearts of young and old America on fire and filled whole columns in that day's *New York Journal and Patriotic Register*, did not raise any emotion in Catharine's mind nor elicit from Madame one question about them.

Paul was disappointed, and had a little feeling of pique at this stranger who had come into their house and their lives. He thought to himself: "Such a lodger will give no end of

trouble; and my mother and sister will be complaining of him before one week is over. It will be so, I have no doubt."

But it was not so. In a day or two the house had settled comfortably to its new conditions. Mr. Errington was very little trouble. His servant prepared his breakfast; and he either dined at the City Hotel or went out magnificently attired to some dinner or entertainment, many of which were given specially in his honor. As for the servant, he managed to almost efface himself. When he entered the kitchen he bowed politely to the negroes, who were much affected by this attention, and then went about his simple culinary duties without a word. So day after day went calmly on until it was Christmas. That is the way in life. Events take time to mature, they do not tread one upon the heels of the other. But there was plenty of interest in Mr. Errington and his doings to flavor the dull winter days. Even Gertrude and Alida

caught its spirit, and the music lessons were spiced with bits of conversation relating to his friends and his appearances.

"He actually paints pictures," said Catharine one day to her cousins. "Jane says she has seen him painting. And every English packet brings him new books, and sometimes new clothing. Yesterday he went sleigh-riding with Mr. Burr and his pretty daughter. Do you know that she is only my age, and that she keeps house for her father?"

"But," said Alida, "it is always Jane, and Jane. Have you not, yourself, seen this Mr. Errington?"

"I have seen him twice as he passed the window," answered Catharine. "But it was very cold on both days, and he was walking quickly, and, also, he had the fur collar of his cloak turned up high; he passed like a man in a dream — so quick — so indistinct."

"I should peep at him going out in his fine evening dress," said Gertrude.

"I am sure, Gertrude," answered Catharine, "if you were tempted to open the door one half-inch, that you would never forgive yourself."

"You are exactly right, Catharine. I am glad you think so properly of me. For indeed I am known among all our friends for my correct behavior. To be sure, it is tantalizing to have a person in your house living their own life, quite different from your life, and never thinking it might be pleasant for you to know a little of what was going on. Does Paul see the gentleman often?"

"I do not think Mr. Errington knows of Paul's existence. Paul pays no attention to *him*, I am sure. Paul is, as you know, rather proud."

"Well," said Gertrude, "I should not like to have people in my house, with whom I had no more in common than with the pavements on the street. That is not the Dutch nature."

"We do not mind it," said Catharine, a

little wearily. She had so often discussed this phase of the relation that its interest was exhausted. "But," she added, with that half-unconscious utterance which is often a prophecy, "perhaps, we may know more, some time."

The "some time" came sooner than could have been expected from previous events. It happened on the twenty-sixth of December, the day after Christmas. Catharine was coming downstairs just at daylight. She had in her hands a number of skeins of colored silks, and she was examining them, and counting them, as she walked slowly from step to step. She was half-way down the long flight, when the front door opened, and Mr. Errington got out of a chair, and walked hastily towards the stairs. Catharine trembled and hesitated; and knew not for a moment what to do. But her natural self-respect instantly forbade any running backward; and the next moment she had reflected that she was about her duty, and in her own home; so she calmly continued her

"Mr. Errington waited, with his hat in his hand, until Catharine had passed him"

descent. Mr. Errington waited with his hat in his hand, until she had passed him. He looked curiously at her, and bowed slightly, but Catharine did not remember, whether she had recognized the courtesy or not. She was flushed and trembling with the ordeal when she reached her mother's room, and lifted her work.

"Who could have imagined Mr. Errington being in anybody's way before eight o'clock in the morning?" she asked, with a little shrug of her shoulders, and a voice plainly indicating the annoyance she felt. "And this dress, too!" she added, in a tone of painful chagrin. "Oh, dear me! How provoking!"

"You need not give it a second thought, Catharine," said her mother. "He would not notice a child like you. He was at a Christmas dance last night at Mr. Hamilton's, and probably took coffee there when it broke up. Never mind, Tryntje, my child! He has forgotten all about it."

Perhaps not. For that afternoon, as he was

at work on a landscape which he was painting, he called his servant:

"McVickars!"

"Yes, sir."

"Is there a little girl in this house — a little girl about twelve years old?"

"Yes, sir; about fourteen years old, I should say, sir."

"Does she wear a singular dress?"

"Yes, sir. A Dutch dress."

"With a queer little cap?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who is she?"

"Madame Van Clyffe's daughter, sir."

"Are there any other little girls?"

"No, sir."

"Any boys?"

"Yes, sir. There is a young man about eighteen years old."

"A pleasant youth?"

"I should say, a very pleasant youth, sir."

"Have I ever seen him?"

"No, sir."

"McVickars, look at this picture. Notice that field of blowing wheat. What would you think of the little Dutch girl standing in it?"

"I don't think it would do, sir."

"Why not?"

"Her hair is the colour of the wheat, sir."

"She might wear that little cap."

"White is n't much of a difference, sir."

"You are right, as usual, McVickars."

No more was said at that time, but the following Sunday evening, Mr. Errington, being alone in his rooms, sent a polite request to Mr. Paul Van Clyffe—"Would he kindly give him his society for an hour?" Paul was exceedingly pleased, and Madame and Catharine equally so. They sat together by the bright fire speculating on the invitation, and wondering what it might mean.

The first hour was not long, but it was nearly the end of the second hour when Paul returned to them. And by that time Catharine

was tired and sleepy, and perhaps a little cross, for nothing makes people so fretful and cynical as expectation long drawn out. Catharine had begun to feel that Mr. Errington was no longer interesting, that she cared nothing about Paul's visit to him, and that the whole circumstance was a disappointment. She had just said: "I am going to bed, mother, for I am tired of waiting for Paul," when the loiterer entered the room.

His face was in a glow of pleasure; his whole manner radiated a fervent admiration. He had no words to express the satisfaction he felt in his visit. For Errington, led by that courtesy which springs from a noble heart, had met Paul on a plane of equality in every respect; even as regarded age. He had talked to him, as men talk to men — of sports, of politics, and of that marvellous campaign of Napoleon in Italy, the very bulletins of which bristled with bayonets.

"His pen is as great as his sword," said

Errington, "those bulletins and proclamations have the clang of the old-world battlefields; the shining of swords, and the clash of steel upon steel is in them."

And Paul had absorbed such conversation as the thirsty drink water. But Catharine and her mother were disappointed. They wanted to hear some personal story, something about Mr. Errington's looks and ways and dress and manners, and Paul had evidently noticed none of these things.

"At least," said Catharine, "you might remember what he had on."

"I think, then, that he was dressed in black, except only his waistcoat, which was of some lighter color, and his hair was turned backward from his forehead, and tied behind with a black ribbon. However, such things I did not notice particularly; there were others more interesting."

"So?" said Catharine. "Indeed, what were they?"

"His eyes, for instance, which are large and dark, and which flash into you, in an almost inconvenient way, his commanding figure, his low, even voice —"

At these words, Catharine rose in a little temper. "Brother Paul," she said, "I do not think much of men with low, even voices. I wish to remind you of that time when we sailed to Boston with our dear father, and there was, as perhaps you remember, a storm, and he stood at the mainmast shouting out orders that the winds and waves could not drown. And though *The Golden Victory* was running away like a ship out of her senses, he got, as he said, a bridle in her mouth, and made her fly before the wind as was best for her and for us. It was not a *low, even voice*, that would have made the ship mind, that day. No, indeed! I am not interested in Mr. Errington at all. I even think he must be very conceited and disagreeable." She was lighting her candle as she said these words, and she

continued: "I am now going to bed. Good night, dear mother; and, Paul, after such a fine visit, I hope you may sleep well. I am much disappointed."

That was the truth. She was very much disappointed. She had thought of all kinds of romantic things, in connection with this unknown dweller in their house, and it seemed that, after all, he was only an ordinary gentleman, talking of that tiresome Bonaparte, and the French war, and the Federalists, and Anti-Federalists. He had told Paul nothing wonderful; he had shown Paul nothing wonderful; he had given him no fresh hope; he had made him no pleasant promise.

"It is altogether a disappointment," she said to herself, as she stood loosening her hair, and shivering before her mirror. "There are the Bells! It must be ten o'clock." She listened till the last stroke was over, and then added: "Even the Bells are disappointing to-night. They might have said, '*Good night*,

Katryntje!' or '*Sleep well, Katryntje!'* but there was not a word in them. Altogether a disappointing night, and it is bitterly cold; my drinking water is frozen, my fire is out, I am shivering and sleepy, and so disappointed."

Foolish little Catharine! She had no reason to be disappointed. But then she could not foresee the future. How was she to know that this low, even voice, was the voice of Fate, and that, of all the human voices in the world, it was the only one able to speak to the Van Clyffes the "*Open sesame!*" which could reveal to them the secret of the sea.

IV

Paul has Hopes

CHAPTER IV

PAUL HAS HOPES

DURING this interval Catharine had seen very little of her grandmother. The old lady had made her clearly understand that she was not to be visited in her home on William Street; at least, Catharine considered her injunction "not to tell Gertrude and Alida she had called there, lest they should follow her example," as equivalent to a very decided request not to repeat her own visit. And her Uncle Jacob's house was too far away to admit of an ordinary call in the short, cold winter days. Sometimes after the music lesson was over — if there was good sleighing — Catharine went home with her cousin, but in such case it was necessary for her to remain all night, and return in her uncle's sleigh in the morn-

ing. A visit of this kind entailed nearly the loss of a day, and when she had much work, or work that required to be done in a hurry, she could not spare the time.

Yet it was only at Uncle Jacob's, grandmother was to be seen, and as her visits there were irregular and unannounced, Catharine could not arrange her own visits to accommodate them. She also felt some delicacy in showing a disposition to do this, for "grandmother's money" was the frequent topic of Gertrude's and Alida's conversation, and Catharine had no desire to appear as a claimant for any share of it. Gertrude had spoken openly to her of the control she put upon herself with reference to these expectations, and Alida had confidentially imparted the information that "she was her grandmother's favorite" and that she intended to buy herself a pearl necklace as soon as she received her share of grandmother's money.

Catharine listened to such conversations

without interfering in them. She never put forward Paul's or her own claim; she felt, indeed, a sense of shame and cruel unkindness in even listening to such selfish appropriation of what could only be enjoyed by the death of a woman so near to them by the tie of kindred, and who had also been — as far as she was able — a mother to their motherless childhood and youth. Certainly, for herself, Catharine — who had a loyal and tender heart — would gladly have chosen grandmother's love in place of all her money.

One day, after a long music lesson, Gertrude begged Catharine to return home with her, "My father likes you, Tryntje," she said; "and I wish that you would bring some of your music and play it for him. In the morning you can return to the city with father; his sleigh will bring you to this very door. The river is now well frozen, there is skating at the bottom of the garden, and yesterday we made the doughnuts and also the rollichies, and, I

can tell you, the apple butter is delicious. Come, then, we can skate for an hour, and in the evening have the music and singing. That will be to my father a pleasant surprise. What say you?"

Madame Van Clyffe thought the proposal a kind and pleasant one, and Catharine was glad to be urged to leave her needle, and have a sleigh ride and some skating and fresh company. So in twenty minutes the two girls were driving merrily towards the East River. For reasons quite natural, they took their way down Wall Street, and William Street, and by Hanover Square. They were in no special hurry, and they wanted to see the stores, and meet the beaux and belles in the shopping quarter. On their way down Wall Street they passed the fine house of General Heywood, and Catharine pointed it out to her cousin.

"I have been working the Heywood crest upon some damask table-cloths," she said, "and I will tell you what I have heard; it is

this — the General makes welcome to his home and table every man that fought in the Revolution, rich and poor; also that he has sworn never to forgive a Tory."

"Indeed, I think, as my father says, such men stand too stiff in their opinions," answered Gertrude. "I suppose that he has a wife; and how does she like Tom, Dick, and Harry, just because they fought for their own political ideas, coming to dinner and lodging with her? *I* should not permit such a thing. And if the man is a Christian, he ought to forgive his enemies, even if they are Tories. For my part, I think there are some very nice Tories — the De Lanceys for instance — Oh, what lovely ribbons!"

The cry was exceedingly natural, for they were just crossing William, by Wall Street, and the vicinity was full of dry goods stores. So they drove more slowly and looked with speculating interest on the treasures displayed in the windows — shimmering widths of florentines,

lutestrings, shalloons, velverets and taffetas in the fashionable shades of bat's-wing, and drake's-head, satin hats, paste buckles, artificial roses, and lengths of gorgeously shaded ribbons.

"I wish that I had a great deal of money of my own!" said Gertrude with a sigh. "Grandmother never thinks a girl ought to have such pretty things; and my father—"

"He is so good to you, Gertrude."

"To be sure, also, that is the right way with fathers. And it is true that my father often says 'No' when he is ready to say 'Yes.' His mouth is worse than his mind. But three Sundays ago, Domine de Rhonde said in the pulpit that 'God required from us good *words* as well as good works.' And I nudged father, — for I, being the eldest, always sit next to him — and I am sure that he understood. He has said more kind words to us ever since."

"It is so disagreeable to have to say unkind words."

"Indeed, I think not; I like to say them when I feel them. To Alida this is possible; but to grandmother it is not possible. Once I said to her: 'I think you are both cross and ill-natured, grandmother;' and she boxed my ears, and then told my father. So I had bread and water for three days; and then I had also to unsay my words and make a great humiliation. Then I made up my mind to be extremely civil to grandmother, and in about a month she gave me the gold brooch I am now wearing. That was because I had seen my fault and conquered it," and Gertrude laughed a little, and then whipped the horses into a gallop.

They were by this time at Chatham Row, with the fields of the common on their left — fields now white with snow, and therefore showing all the more plainly, the jail and the calaboose. The latter building the girls looked askance at, and Gertrude said, in quite a different voice from her usual assertive tone:

"What do you think, Catharine! Jacob Kors sent three of his slaves yesterday to the calaboose to be whipped by the officer. He had to pay three shillings; and my father said if they had charged him three pounds it was too little. Father thinks a man ought not to own slaves who cannot himself control them."

"Well, then, Mr. Greenwood sent his white servant a week ago to receive thirty lashes. Is not that a dreadful thing? I have heard my friend, Lucia Delmaine talk about slavery; and I say this, Gertrude, of all conditions it is the saddest. To be sure we have slaves, but they feel not the bond with us. My mother is so just and kind to them."

"Father is also kind — more kind than they deserve, I think. Look at the Collect, it is full of skaters. My grandmother has often told us how her friend Mr. Halleck saved the Duke of Clarence from being drowned there."

"And pray what was the Duke of Clarence doing in New York?"

"He was visiting Admiral Digby, who lived in Hanover Square. He was only a midshipman then. See, it is going to snow, we must make more haste, Tryntje."

Then the sleigh went flying up the Bowery Lane, until it reached a point a little below the present Canal Street. Here Gertrude made a sudden turn eastward, and in a few minutes they were at the Van Clyffe homestead. This day the grandmother was present. She had come to superintend the making of the rollichies, and had found them boiled and pressed, and a dish cut into dice and trimmed with parsley ready for the tea-table. This forestalling of events had displeased her, and she was not in a very good temper. Never before had the girls ventured on such an act of self-dependence. In the grandmother's mind it indicated something like domestic rebellion and chaos.

"What must be the end of all these changes, I know not!" she said sternly to Gertrude. "First, it is the pianoforte. Then, the rollichies are made two days before the proper time. I am not satisfied with such ways. You sing songs! you drive yourself to the city! you take music lessons! The Goverts, who are richer than your father, and great lovers of morality and respectability, do none of these things."

"I thought you would be pleased, grandmother, that I could, by my own self, make something for the table."

"You will do things by yourself! You, who are not yet seventeen years old! I fear that you have spoiled the good meat, fat and lean; and that the dice are not large enough. I am always exact about the dice. And I feel sure they are not seasoned properly, nor pressed as long as they ought to be. If you will do things by yourself, do not be a bungler." Then she turned to Catharine. "I am pleased to

see you, child," she continued. "I hear that you have been doing great things with your needle. That is right — a needle is not much of a tool, but every one must row with the oars they have."

"You have heard, then, grandmother, that at present we are poor; and I have need to work."

"Poor! That is nothing; after ebb comes flood." Then she turned away, and affected a sudden interest in the gossip of the neighborhood; listening, however, with scornful indifference to Gertrude's tale of the punishment of the Kors slaves.

"Who told you this story?" she asked.

"It was Femmetia Govert. I met her as I was going to Tryntje's."

"The clashing jade!" answered the old lady. "But what could Jacob Kors expect?" she asked indignantly. "He bought these slaves off a ship. They are pagans. They could not care about God and His command-

ments. If people will have their work done by those who cannot say the Lord's Prayer, then they must have trouble. When I was young the Bastians had pagan slaves, and they failed in business, and had to go to prison for their debts. In my house, I always had Christian service. It is a principle of mine."

Then, as the quick falling snow prevented any skating, Catharine sat down by her grandmother's side and endeavored to make the conversation turn upon her father and his long absence.

"Your father has been quite as long away before," she answered shortly.

"But always before he wrote to us. We have had no word of any kind for nearly one year."

"What is it you expect from a man in the middle of the ocean?"

"But sometimes, grandmother, he is on the land."

"You know not. Are there mail coaches

between New York and China? or between New York and the Baltic? or between New York and the moon?"

"No, indeed! We are not thinking that father should do impossibilities. But to be so long without sending us any word is not his way."

"His way! His way!" she answered with some temper. "His way was never easy to understand. Good advice, and plenty of it, I gave to him; but your father was like Pharaoh: he hardened his heart. Well, then, trouble and sorrow come to those who disobey their parents. You may read that in the Holy Scriptures. I am grieved in my heart about your father; but what is it I can do? Only God can make the crooked straight, and the wrong right. What are you crying for? Tears are no good. To hope and to pray is the only thing! Now, then, dry your eyes. You are a sailor's daughter. You must have a brave heart."

"My heart is brave; but I love my father — I cannot tell you how much."

"I hear that you are helping your mother to make an honest living. I like that. I have not opposed the pianoforte, because I would not be against your making an honest living. Yet it was not agreeable to me — far from it."

Perhaps this was scarcely a fair statement of her acquiescence in the piano. It had been in the house two days when she was confronted with it as an established fact; and she was too prudent a woman to attack what she divined was invincible. For her son Jacob was not an easy man to oppose; and he had from the first taken all the responsibility for the instrument upon himself.

"I have bought it," he said simply to his mother, "and I wish that my daughters should learn to play on it. It is a good amusement. It keeps them happy in their home. I am satisfied."

And Gertrude's prediction as to her grandmother's answer was exactly true. The old lady shrugged her shoulders, and said contemptuously, "Well, then, I see that all the fools are not yet dead." But there was no active anger; and, indeed, on this very night, the final approval anticipated received ample verification. For while the girls were singing, as Jacob said, "like three little angels," Matthew Govert, and his sister Femmetia, came in to "short-evening" with the Van Clyffes. And Miss Femmetia, relying on her previous knowledge of Madame's opinions, and not understanding that it is the strong and wise — not the weak — who can change their opinions, began to complain, in her fretful way, of the alterations in the good old manners and customs that were everywhere taking place.

"I see," she said, "that even your son is becoming very genteel. His coachman has now a red waistcoat; and his daughters play and sing the fashionable songs on the piano-

forte, just as the best families do. Heigho! I call that jogging along indeed!"

She expected sympathy from the old lady, but she was disappointed; for Madame answered with an air of satisfaction: "Well, then, and why not? The red waistcoat is very suitable; and as for the fashionable songs, they are played also on the streets; and the city government would not permit them to be played on the streets if they were not moral and respectable."

"I thought you were opposed to changes; and —"

"That is so; but when the changes are here, what will you? We cannot turn back the clock of Time, Femmetia. Well, then, it is best to put forward our own clock. Perhaps then we make some good come out of the changes."

"To be sure; yet I never played the pianoforte, nor even wished to play it; and as for you —"

"Oh, then, I could have done such a thing! It is not difficult. Little children of seven, of six years old, do it. Listen to my three granddaughters! What is it they are singing? and a wonder — a wonder past all wonders! — my son Jacob and your brother Matthew are singing also. I think, Femmetia, it will be our turn next."

"And why not? For my part, I can say this — I had a voice that was very musical, but the fogs from the river have been against it. I have colds; and colds do not come and go for nothing."

"No indeed! nor our years, Femmetia. Every year takes something we do not want to lose, and leaves something we do not want to have."

"You say what is true, Madame, but still, the music stays in the heart. If it is an old song that in my youth I knew, then my heart sings it, whether my lips move or not."

"It is so," answered Madame, with a sigh.

"I myself, on Saint John's Day — June the twenty-fourth — can never put *Die Nieuwe Haring* — 'The New Fresh Herring' — out of my mind;" and in a thin, quavering voice, Madame began softly to hum:

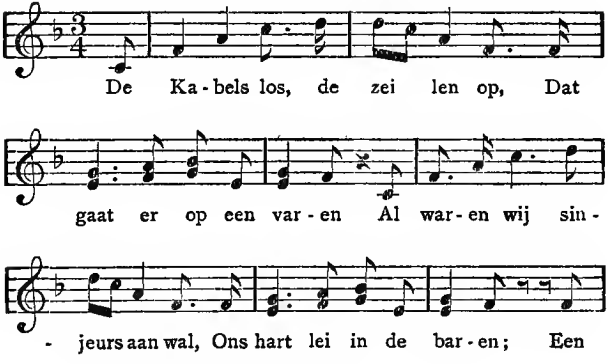
> "Here comes, laden with gold, the boat,
> Bringing in the first fresh herring;
> It is a feast in Netherland! It is a feast in Netherland!"

"It is also the way with my brother Matthew," said Femmetia. "Always on Saint John's Day he says at the breakfast table: 'To-day, then, Femmetia, the herring boats will leave the Amstel. Some may go before, but they will have no luck; for the herring likes not to be caught before Saint John's Day. I think I can see the little brown herring boats, tumbling about — out to sea and home again, as great friends with the sea as are the sea-gulls.'"

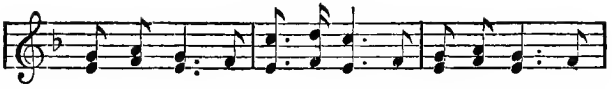
"I understand, Femmetia. My father used to say that Amsterdam was built on herring

bones; and if you write about Holland you will have to write about the fishing nets. The sea is to the Dutch like a conscience; they must prove themselves, in its sight, to be honest and industrious — but listen! that is the song that I like best of all songs, and Katryntje plays it — she plays it on my heart! I go back to the Zuyder Zee" — and Madame listened with a smile, while the old, old air of *De Kabels Los* rang through the house with extraordinary spirit and charmful melody:

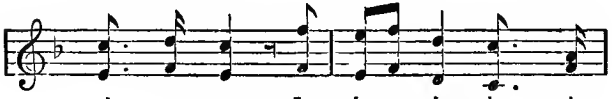
DE KABELS LOS.



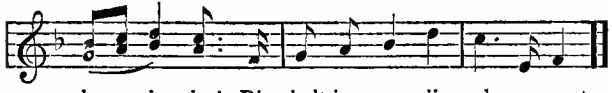
Trinity Bells



Hollandsch kind, dat is be-kend, Die vindt in zee zijn



el - e - ment, Jo ho, jo - ho, jo -



- ho, jo - ho! Die vindt in zee zijn el - e-ment.

"En zijn zoo geen banjers meer
Als in verleden dagen,
Toen ieder voor Jan-Compânie
Een flikker wij op iedre zee :
Zoo goed nog als de beste mee,
Jo-ho, jo-ho, jo-ho, jo-ho !
Zoo goed nog als de beste mee ! "

TRANSLATION.[1]

"Let go the ropes, unfurl the sails,
And let us be off to sea ;
Were we even lords ashore
Our hearts would lie with thee.

1 By Laura Alexandrine Smith in her "Music of the Waters."

For a Hollander born, you all must know,
Finds in the sea his element,
Yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho!
Finds in the sea his element.

"And if we cannot do the mighty deeds
They did in the days gone by,
When for honor of the Dutch Company
Every man in his heart did try,
Yet still we sail on every sea
As good as the best of them,
Jo-ho, jo-ho, jo-ho, jo-ho!
As good as the best of them!"

To this characteristic song Jacob's and Matthew's voices, strong and resonant, added a delightful volume to the ringing notes of the girls, and when it ceased, though there was a murmur of conversation round the piano, Madame and Femmetia were silent. For anything present which touches our hearts deeply is sure to be full of reflected thoughts and feelings both from the past and the future. And seen through such thoughts and feelings, how sad are some moments, filled with what

we call pleasure; how much more pathetic the songs and smiles that fill them than even sighs and tears! Both old women were thinking of the days of their youth gone forever, and of the Eternal Youth to which every day was bringing them nearer.

So they remained thoughtful and silent until another song arose with even more enthusiasm than any other preceding it. Then Madame roused herself; she put away her knitting and began to move about the room, to open closets and to take out chocolate and sweet cakes and some of the children's rollichies. She gave her whole attention to this employment until Femmetia suddenly asked:

"Is it not your time to be saying something, Madame? Listen! What is it they are singing? It sounds to me most like the old Tory hymn."

"That is true. Jacob, what is it that you sing?" Madame called in an imperative voice, for the singers were in an adjoining room.

"It is a good Dutch song, mother, made by

a Dutch lady at the Hague. She gave it to the sailors of five American vessels at Amsterdam. It was printed in the *Pennsylvania Packet*, and I cut it out and have had it pinned in my Almanac; and now our little Katryntje plays for us the music we remember so well. It is fine music; why should we not put the good words to it? Listen, then," and in a glow of national love and pride, the three girls and the two men sang with patriotic fervor: —

"God save the Thirteen States!
Long rule the United States!
God save our States!
Make us victorious,
Happy and glorious,
No tyrants over us;
God save our States!

"O Lord! Thy gifts in store,
We pray, on Congress pour,
To guide our States.
May Union bless our land;
While we, with heart and hand,
For right and Freedom stand!
God bless our States!

"God save the Thirteen States!
Long watch the prosperous Fates,
Over our States!
Make us victorious,
Happy and glorious,
No tyrants over us;
God save our States!"

"Very good," said Madame complacently, when the stanzas were finished; "much better than 'God save Great George our King.' You talk of changes, Femmetia. We have both of us sung for 'Great George,' and *now* — *!*" She threw down the stocking she was knitting, with the air of a woman who felt all language to be inadequate. But after a minute or two she added, "Come, Matthew and Jacob, and have a smoke by the fire; and eat some rollichies made by the children — not so very bad are they — and drink a little cider, and tell us about the war. I hear that it is now certain."

So passed the evening away, the whole conversation clearly indicating the grandmother's

ability to accept the spirit of the times. She even praised Catharine's voice and, in the morning when she bade her "good-bye," said: "You are a good singer; well, then, be also a good girl." But in spite of these words, Catharine did not feel that she had come any closer to her grandmother's heart or love. And without being at all envious or jealous, she could not help but notice how much more familiar and affectionate the old lady was with Gertrude and Alida — how much more interested in their life, their amusements, their friends and their dress. A polite inquiry about her mother's health was all the attention she gave to her daughter-in-law's affairs; and as to her business venture, she never named it.

Perhaps Uncle Jacob also noticed this neglect of interest, for he paid Catharine much attention. He called for extra wraps in the sleigh, he troubled himself about her feet and her hands, and wondered if the little red hood she wore was warm enough to protect her ears.

And all the way to the city he talked to her about her father, and did his best to comfort and to give her hope. When they reached the home, Madame Van Clyffe was just coming from the Fly Market with two of her negro slaves, who were carrying the baskets of provisions she had been buying. Uncle Jacob gave her a cheerful greeting, and clasping her hands he told her how much he had enjoyed little Tryntje's music, and how glad he was they were doing so well.

They parted with smiles and good words, but Catharine's heart fell in an unaccountable manner as soon as she was alone. For the very first time she rebelled at the thought of work, and it was with great reluctance she uncovered the pretty blue areophane gown she was starring with silver thread. She could not help thinking of Gertrude and Alida, who were doubtless skating merrily on the frozen river, and who, when this pleasure tired them, would go in their sleigh to make calls on their young

friends, and talk about the dresses they were to wear at the Miss Hoaglands' dancing party. It was the kind of life which she herself had expected to lead, and the tears came unbidden and unchecked to her eyes as she lifted her work. For this morning it was really work. She could not disguise the fact, and when her mother next entered the room she saw plainly the signs of her trouble and dissatisfaction.

"What is it, then, Katryntje?" she asked, as she seated herself and looked sadly at her daughter.

And Catharine did exactly as older persons do — she laid the blame of her tears and trouble, not on herself, but on the most convenient person outside herself. She said it was impossible for her not to notice how much her grandmother thought of Gertrude and Alida, and how little she cared for her. "As for Paul," she added, "she never named him, and yet he is her only grandson."

"My dear one!" answered Madame Van

Clyffe, "no one can make others to love them. And you cannot go to the market and buy love; it must be freely given. But look here, your grandmother knows you not; very seldom has she seen you. But Gertrude and Alida have been nursed in her arms. Their mother died when Gertrude was not yet two years old and Alida but two weeks. Then your grandmother took the motherless little ones to her heart. Also she was not opposed to your Uncle Jacob's wife, and to me she was much opposed; that made much difference. Now, Tryntje, think of this, your cousins have your grandmother, but you have your mother! Am I not sufficient?"

Then, with kisses and tears, Catharine clung to her darling mother, and told her she was "the dearest, sweetest heart in all the world!" And her mother held her on her knees, and petted and blessed her, and said "her little daughter had been the joy and the strength of her life," and so wiped all tears away. Then

Catharine lifted her work with a smile, and in half an hour she was softly singing a Canadian boat song to the rapid movement of her needle. Yet the depths of her young heart were still troubled, though a smile like sunshine hid their restlessness and gloom.

For Catharine had come to one of those bitter hours of temptation, when the soul believes that it has done well in vain. She was tormented with questions she did not dare to face. Why was she working? Why not take her pleasure like other girls of her age? Would not her mother have managed without her help? At any rate, would not Uncle Jacob have helped in her place. What good had come from her self-denial? Into her mind there flashed the fact that all her earnings had gone for winter clothing for Paul and herself. Was it worth while sewing so hard for great-coats and hats and bonnets? Poor little one! She was fighting alone that depressing temptation, when virtue has failed to reward us, and

we regret having served her. Very good men and women have often the same temporary doubt of the omnipotence of righteousness; so it was no wonder that a girl so inexperienced as Catharine should have succumbed to the same temptation.

It was altogether an unhappy day; and many days of the like hopeless character followed it. It seemed to Catharine that something ought to happen; that something *must* happen. She caught her mother's nervous trick of listening for a knock; for *the* knock at the door. She was almost angry because Paul was in a much brighter temper. She would not listen to reports of his conversations with Mr. Errington; or sympathize with his enthusiasm over public events.

"What does it matter to us?" she asked, "that France is insolent, and that we are going to fight her. This will not bring home our father; and mother says it will make everything very dear; and the taxes much higher.

I see not what you are so happy about. Mother is more anxious than ever before."

Then Paul took her work out of her hand, and sat down beside her. "My little sister," he said, "listen to me. You have always been Paul's helper and comforter; at this time you must not desert him. I am going to sea; I am going into the navy! For we are now organizing a navy, and Mr. Errington is sure he has influence enough to get me a commission on one of the new frigates. Uncle Jacob says it is right for me to go; and I am so happy in this new hope! Oh, my darling sister, be happy with me!"

Then all the gloom and coldness of her selfish sorrow fell away from her. It was as if she had slipped out of a black garment. Her beautiful face was illumined by the unselfish heart that instantly rejoiced in her brother's happiness. She was the brave, bright, affectionate Catharine again.

"I am delighted! I am glad for you, Paul!"

she cried. "What can I do? What is it you wish from me? How shall I show you my pleasure?"

"I have not yet dared to tell mother. I knew that she would weep and beg me not to go. She will remind me of father, and say that I also will never come back. You must stand by me, no matter what my mother says."

"I will. Now, then, tell me what is the quarrel with the French. I think, ever since I can remember, they have been filling the world with their brawls and tumults and hectoring."

"It is this, Katryntje. Ever since President Adams was inaugurated, last March, Adet, the French minister here, has been trying to make us fight England, because France is fighting her. It is not our quarrel. We may not like England, but we are not going to be made fight, whether we want to or not. France has at length *demanded* our alliance; and, because we have again refused, she has

"The United States has millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute"

sent out men-of-war to assail our commerce, and ordered our minister to leave French territory."

"Well, then?"

"Well, then, we sent ambassadors to France, to try and make peace, and the French Government would not receive them unless we paid into the French Treasury a quarter of a million of dollars! And one of our ambassadors, Mr. Pinckney of South Carolina, answered '*The United States has millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute.*' Was not that a grand reply?"

"Indeed it was."

"Mr. Errington says it is one of the finest things in history. Very well, Washington is to-day in Philadelphia, organizing an army; and, Tryntje! there is to be a navy immediately — six frigates, and many privateers — for Washington has told Congress plainly '*if we want a commerce, we must have a navy!*' Hurrah for George Washington! Now if father

was only here! Surely this news will bring him home!"

And Paul, in a fever of fight and expectation, walked the room as if it were a quarter-deck. His face was lifted up, his eyes flashing, his hand involuntarily striking his side, as if seeking a sword. He was so enthusiastic that Catharine caught the patriotic fire from him. She forgot herself entirely, and then, as soon as she stepped out of her own shadow, she was in the sunshine of life once more — then she experienced the truth of her teacher's axiom, that true happiness is found in the love that *flows out from us*, rather than in the love that *flows in to us*.

V

The Secret of the Sea

CHAPTER V

THE SECRET OF THE SEA

THIS conversation took place on a Saturday night, and on the Sabbath nothing could be done. Catharine had even a feeling, that she would like to spend this one day without a thought of the change that was coming, — to give every moment of it to the ways and feelings of a life that was so soon to pass away forever. Paul could not go to sea without money; but for this day, the parting and the necessities of it should not enter into their consciousness and spoil their pleasure.

So when Paul came down to breakfast with his brightest face, Catharine met his smile with one equally hopeful. The mother fell easily into their happy mood; the whole household accepted the tone Paul set; and the Sabbath peace had a wonderful cheerfulness in it. The

streets were cold and still, but dry and sunny; the bells seemed to have caught the spirit of the day's holy gladness, and sounded more softly and sweetly than usual; they were just chiming ten, as Paul and Catharine left the house together for church. Hand in hand they went, their steps, and the gentle movement of their clasped hands, keeping time to the melodious semibreves. The church was cold, and the service long, but they sang out of the same book, and sat close together throughout it. Perhaps neither of them listened very attentively to the preacher; for they were listening to the voices of the past, and the future: one was full of tender reminiscence; the other full of joyful expectation; and, accompanying both, was the solemn wonder as to how many Sabbaths might elapse, ere this loving communion could again be possible to them.

As they walked home after the service, Catharine said: "We will tell mother to-night.

The servants will be at Lorenzo Dow's prayer meeting, and perhaps Mr. Errington may be out. And there is always a feeling in the house on Sundays that is different from the feeling on other days. It will be in your favor, Paul, and it will help mother to understand and to bear better."

But very early in the evening Mr. Errington sent for Paul, and as it was possible he might have something to say which would change the current of events, Catharine resolved to keep her secret until Paul returned to them. It is so easy for love to put off words that may bring sorrow; and, looking in her mother's face and understanding the care below the smile, and the anxious watching that was always in her troubled eyes, Catharine was glad to spare her even one night the knowledge of her coming loss.

With a meaning glance at his sister, Paul went gayly upstairs to his friend. He was full of hope, notwithstanding his assumed doubt,

and Catharine watched his tall, agile figure springing upward, two steps at a time, and thought how handsome he would look in his uniform, and how completely suitable his alert, prompt manner would be on a man-of-war.

Mr. Errington had good news for the youth. "It is settled," he said. "You are to have a midshipman's warrant to the *United States*, a fine frigate of forty-four guns, and you are off at once for a cruise in West Indian waters. You will be made master's mate very soon after joining — if you keep step with my report of you — and indeed I think your preparation for sea service is far beyond the usual. Commodore Barry, your commodore, says that the navy is glad to get brave seamanlike youths, though few of those accepted have yet any knowledge of the navigation of a ship."

"I understand navigation theoretically," said Paul, "and I think I can soon reduce my knowledge to practice. Indeed, sir, I know not what words to say. I am filled with grati-

tude. I never hoped for such good fortune. I will try and be worthy of it; you have been a friend beyond all friends to me."

"Do not overrate my service, Paul. I had only to ask in order to receive. As it happens, I have some influence; I mean I have friends who were glad to give what I desired."

"Yes. I wonder — Excuse me."

"I know what you wonder, Paul, and your wonder is quite reasonable, and I have no objections to satisfy it. You wonder how I, being an Englishman, have so many friends among men of power and influence in this government. I will tell you. My father was one of the stanchest upholders of the rights of the American colonists, both before and during the Revolutionary war. He spoke in Parliament for them; he wrote many forcible pamphlets in support of their claims, he suffered some political disgrace for his arraignment of the British government in respect to its treatment of subjects of the same race and

faith, and who really wished to be loyal to the Crown, if the Crown would let them. When President Adams was residing in London, we were on terms of great friendship with him, and I especially delighted in listening to his descriptions of this great and wonderful country. I used to sit and imagine what it would be, to see a Mississippi running straight through England! The size of the woods, the mere square miles of the prairies, the picturesque story of the red man, the stirring romance of these thirteen little communities fighting a great power like England, filled my heart and my imagination. I desired to be a citizen of such a land; and as I am only a poor youngest son, my father, the Viscount Errington, thought my desire a very sensible one. Besides, Paul, I have no taste for fighting or sailing, preaching, or diplomacy; my longings are all for land. I desire to be a great landowner, — to build, to cultivate, to turn deserts into gardens, and to see morasses

become great cities. My fortune is too small to permit me any such indulgence in the Old World; but *here* I can make gigantic plans, and reasonably hope to see them realized."

"Then, sir, you intend to become an American citizen?"

"Exactly. I am even now considering, with other gentlemen, a great plan for laying out New York, miles beyond its present limits. And I have already chosen a site for my own home, far beyond the inhabited region of to-day. So much faith have I in the future of this beautiful city."

Then the conversation returned to Paul's position, and the various points connected with it; but throughout all this pleasant discussion, Paul was aware of a hurrying anxiety to go to his mother and sister, and tell them of the good fortune that had come to him. But he knew that on Sunday nights Mr. Errington liked company, and it appeared ungrateful to run away from his friend as soon as he had

obtained the desire of his heart. So he remained until the Bells chimed ten; then he rose, saying:

"I have to-night only one sorrow in my heart. I wish that my dear father was here to share my joy and pride."

"Of course," replied Mr. Errington. "Of course, that is natural and right — quite right."

"You see, sir, he might come home to-morrow; he might come any hour. If my life was in a story-book I dare say that is what would happen; but in real life it is different."

"I thought your father was dead — that is, that he had been lost at sea. Pardon me! I am glad I am mistaken."

"Lost at sea! That is exactly the truth. We have not heard from him for nearly two years; but that he is dead — drowned — I will not believe. No indeed! My father is too fine a sailor to lose his ship; and *The Golden Victory* is too fine a ship to be lost. I —"

Mr. Errington had listened with a polite

"Mr. Errington grasped the back of a chair, as if he felt himself to be in need of support"

interest until Paul said "*The Golden Victory*." These words might have been a stone thrown at him. He made a sudden involuntary exclamation, and was visibly and powerfully affected. Something like terror crept into his face. He set his lips tightly, and grasped the back of a chair, as if he felt himself to be in need of support. So great was his emotion that Paul was struck dumb by it and left his sentence unfinished. A moment of intensely painful silence followed, then Paul asked:

"What is it, sir? Are you ill? Shall I call my mother?"

"Sit down, Paul. Let me think — you said *The Golden Victory?*"

"Yes, sir. My father's ship."

"Is there any other *Golden Victory?*"

"I do not know of any other."

"But the captain? His name was not Van Clyffe. Oh no! It was Johnson, I think."

"No, sir, it is *Jansen*. All sailor-folk call my father 'Captain Jansen.'"

"Yes — Captain Jansen."

"Do you know something about him, sir? If you do, tell me. Is he dead?"

"No — I hope not. *The Golden Victory*, after a terrible fight, was taken by the Algerine pirates. Your father was sold as a slave in Tripoli."

Paul stood as motionless as if he had been turned into stone. He tried to speak, but no words came. Errington led him to a sofa, and sat down beside him. He clasped his hands and spoke as tenderly as a woman. "Try and bear it, Paul, as steadily as you can," he said. "It is a great calamity — an awful calamity — I know that. I have seen it. My dear Paul, speak to me!"

"Oh God! Oh God!" cried the youth in a passion of tears. "My father! My good, brave father!"

"He may yet live. He can be ransomed. Paul, what are you now going to do?"

"Free him! Free him! If I give my life for his."

"That is right. It is what I expect from you."

Then he rose, and, instead of calling his servant, he himself put more wood on the fire; drew two chairs within its warmth, and led Paul to one of them. "While you are gaining some control over your feelings," he said, "I will tell you how I know this about *The Golden Victory*. I had a friend, whom I loved as my own soul. He went to Italy three years ago. On his return to England, he stayed in Southern Spain a few weeks, and at the port of Cadiz took passage for London in a vessel called *The Golden Victory*, which had a cargo of fruits and wines for that port. In the Bay of Biscay they were met by an Algerine man-of-war, and although she was double their size, and carried twenty-eight guns, to the twelve guns of *The Golden Victory*, a long and bloody fight ensued. It was in vain. When all the men but your father, my friend, and three seamen were dead or disabled, when the

human fiends were clambering on all sides into the gallant ship, resistance was no longer possible."

"Why did not my father blow her up? I would have sent her to the bottom, and gone there with her."

"Nineteen years old does many foolish things; that would have been one of them, even if it had been possible, which it was not. The ship and men were taken to Tripoli. *The Golden Victory* now sails as a pirate craft, under a name which means *The American Slave.* Your father was driven inland. My friend was permitted to write home for his ransom; and in the meantime was heavily ironed, and set to drawing large blocks of building stone from the quarries; yoked sometimes with mules or oxen. Being the son of a nobleman his ransom was heavy; six thousand pounds — but it was quickly provided, and I myself went with it. Need I tell you what I saw? Have you heard anything of these in-

fidel monsters, whose delight is in torturing their Christian slaves?"

"I have heard too much," said Paul, almost in a whisper. "My uncle has had many of those redeemed by our government at his house. I have seen their crippled limbs, the marks of the lash and the bastinado — cruel scars that nothing can hide. Oh, sir, I must go to my father. Thank you! Thank you for what you have done; but that dream is over. I must get the money for my father's redemption. I know not how — I am all confused yet — but I can see, and feel, *that* to be my first duty. How much money shall I need?"

"I can only give you two facts to judge from. This government paid sixty thousand dollars for twenty sailors; and again one million dollars, for one hundred and eighty officers and men, taken from fifteen American vessels. Your father, by his resistance, caused the death of many Tripolitan pirates; I should not think

he will be freed for less than ten thousand dollars. On the subject of ransom, these savages are implacable. They never give up a prisoner without one. It is rather singular that I had some thoughts of getting you assigned to the ship *George Washington*, of twenty-eight guns, which is soon to leave for Algiers, with half a million of money for the Dey."

Paul's face radiated a passionate anger. "It is a shame!" he cried. "It is a burning shame that the United States should do such a thing! After whipping England are we forced to pay blackmail to such infamous pirates? How can it be borne?"

"Patience, Paul! It is the inexorable logic of events. But your anger is natural and shared by every American officer. Bainbridge, who goes with this protection money, would far rather blow the Dey's forts about his ears. The United States will do so eventually. She is biding her right time."

"Every time is the right time for such a

deed. Every hour these pirates poison the world is a scandal to Christianity and civilization!"

"You must be reasonable. There are many things to be considered. The very day I carried my poor friend on board an English ship, a free man again, two English ships came into Tripoli harbor with one hundred and sixty thousand dollars worth of naval supplies as a *present* from the English government to the Dey."

"What an infamy! England at least is strong enough to blow these devils from off the earth and the seas."

"She has her reasons for protecting them. And they in return permit no other ships to enter the Mediterranean Sea for trade but British ships. They are, in fact, England's sea-dogs; their business is to throttle all commerce but that carried on in English merchant ships. At present America is really at war with France; does she want also to pick a

quarrel with the Dey of Algiers — and his powerful backer?"

"How can England be so wicked?"

"It is business, Paul. 'Every one for themselves,' is a national as well as an individual maxim."

"England is Christian. How, then, can she encourage Mohammedans to sell and torture Christians in the interests of trade?"

"We are not inquiring into that subject at present, Paul. I have told you these facts to show you *why* America is at present forced to buy protection for her merchant vessels."

"Glory to George Washington!" cried Paul. "He has truly and boldly told us that if we want commerce we must have a navy."

"Nothing is truer. Merchant ships will be prey unless there are men-of-war behind them."

"And your friend?" asked Paul.

"He is dead. He reached home, and lingered a few weeks."

"What if my father is also dead? It is a long captivity. How could he bear it?"

"I think he is alive."

"But your friend in —"

"My friend was delicate and had been delicately reared. Your father is inured to hardships of all kinds. Moreover, Paul, I believe in God Almighty. I do not think he would have so wonderfully sent me with this message to you unless your father was alive and able to profit by the giving of it. I had no knowledge of you when I casually asked the clerk in the bank, who was attending to my business, about a lodging-house. I had not before ever thought of such a thing. I was astonished at myself for the inquiry. Do you not see that I was sent here to tell you about *The Golden Victory* and your father's captivity? Perhaps I am the only free man in life who could do this. God is just and kind. He would not raise a hope unless he intended to realize it. Such hopes are prophecies."

"Thank you, sir, for that thought. I will trust the hope, and work towards it."

"I am sure you will. Now, you had better try to sleep; you look ill and weary. In the morning, you will see better what to do."

But it was impossible for Paul to sleep. This was a calamity undreamed of. He doubted if his mother and sister knew anything about the Algerine pirates. They were one of those factors in the national affairs about which even the newspapers were discreetly eloquent. It is true, both American and English philanthropists were holding meetings and collecting money for the redemption of these Christian slaves; and that public sentiment was rapidly rising to a point which would insist on active interference; yet, for all this, the average men and women were not more interested than they usually are in calamities far off and which do not personally concern them. Paul and his sister had often spoken fearfully

of the possibility of the ship having foundered; they had even imagined her cast upon some unknown, or savage shore; but that their father should be sold for a slave, and *The Golden Victory* turned into a robbers' and murderers' craft, was a disaster which had never occurred to them as a possibility.

Sleep! Sleep was a thousand leagues away from Paul. The wretched stories which he had listened to in a half-credulous mood at his uncle's fireside, and which, at any rate, he had never thought could have any connection with himself, now returned to his memory with all the stupendous effects night and darkness and distance and flesh and blood relations could give them. He could not be quiet. The terrors of wakeful, excited feeling and imagination made the stillness of the bed intolerable. He got up, and then the cold drove him back to bed. When the bells chimed midnight he dressed himself, and went to his sister's door.

"Katryntje!" he called softly; and at the third time she asked:

"Paul, is it thou?"

"Yes."

"Is mother sick?"

"No; but there is great trouble. Dress yourself and come to the parlor fire. I will make a good fire."

"It is so bitter cold, Paul. Will the morning not be soon enough?"

"Come quickly."

Then she heard him go downstairs, and the cold and the darkness, with this vague phantom of "great trouble" in them, felt terrible. She shivered palpably, for there was no coal in those days, no furnace or steam heat, only the wood fires, which were so inadequate unless constantly replenished. Outside and inside it was below zero; she groped about for her clothing; and was finally obliged to get the tinder-box and try to strike a light. But it was difficult work. Her hands

shook; the tinder was badly burnt; it took her several minutes to get a spark from the flint that would ignite it; then the first spark went out before she had the match ready; and she was crying with real suffering before the welcome blaze was strong enough to light her candle, and show her the whereabouts of her shoes and stockings and garments. And all the time she was sure it was something that Mr. Errington had said or done — something about Paul's going to sea; and she did feel that Paul might have waited until morning brought light and warmth.

However, when she got downstairs there was a good fire, and Paul had drawn the sofa close to the hearth, and brought a buffalo robe to wrap her in. His consideration pleased her and she gave him a smile for it; then she saw something in his face that went to her heart like a blow. "Paul," she said in a fright, "is it father?"

"Oh, yes, Katryntje! It is father! Poor father!"

Then he plunged at once into the pitiful story. His words trod one on the other, they burned with his anger, they were wet with his tears; when he ceased speaking it was as if the room was on fire. At the beginning of his narrative they had both been sitting on the sofa; when it was finished unconsciously they had risen, and were standing together quivering from head to feet. All their life was swallowed up in a sense of stress, in a hurry of love and sorrow that could not endure the limitations of hours.

"Will it never be morning? Will it never be morning?" cried Catharine. "How dreadful to sit here and be able to do nothing but think and weep. And what shall we *do* when morning comes?"

"We ought at least to be ready to do something," said Paul. "For this reason I awakened you, Tryntje, my dear one."

"First of all, mother must *not* be told, if there is any way to prevent it. I shall go to

grandmother after breakfast as soon as it is possible."

"And I will see Uncle Jacob. But suppose that they can do nothing?"

"They *must* do something. Oh, Paul, at this very moment, our father may be hungry and thirsty, or suffering from the cruelty of the wretches who drive him to work. Oh, I cannot bear it!" and she put up her hands and clasped her forehead to keep down the smothering sense of terrible imaginations that assailed her.

"Let us keep some hope, Katryntje. He may have found a good master. And God would not desert him, nor leave him comfortless."

"That of course, Paul, but we must not forget for a moment our father's sufferings. You tell me that he has but one pound of black bread in a day, and a little water. Very well, then, I will taste nothing but the food that is necessary to me until I know that father is

either at rest with God, or a free man. Bread and meat and water I must have to do my work, but sweetmeats, cakes, dainties, — oh, indeed, I feel that they would choke me!"

"You are quite right, little sister. I too, will refuse them."

"It will be nothing great to do," continued Catharine. "If my mother sets before me a delicious custard, or a fresh doughnut, I should think of father's black bread — of his one pound of black bread — and how, then, could I taste them?"

"Mother will wonder, if you eat nothing but bread and meat; and what excuse can you make to her?"

"Oh, then, I have a better thought about mother than the keeping of her in ignorance. It would be extremely selfish in us to do so, and at the last she would feel this. She has pearls and other jewelry; she will want to give them. As soon as we find out what others can do, we must permit that our mother also

does her part. She would suspect, she would fear; it is far better that she should know the worst, and hope for the best; that is my second thought about mother. What think you, Paul?"

"I think it is the best thought. Listen to the wind, Katryntje! How it blows." He made her lie down, and wrapped the buffalo robe around her, and threw more wood on the fire, and they talked in sad, low voices, while the winter wind clashed the wooden shutters, and roared down the wide chimney, and blew the hour chimes far out to sea on its noisy bluster. Sleep had gone far from them, they had forgotten the cold, they sat in wretched communion until the wet, pale daylight broke. Then a negro came in to attend to the fire, and the burden of active life was to lift again.

After the breakfast was over, Catharine made an excuse for leaving the house, and went as rapidly as possible to William Street. All was as still as the grave in the little passage

on which Madame Van Clyffe's rooms opened. Catharine stood listening at her door a moment, and there was not a movement. Her heart fell. She feared she might have to go to her uncle's, and then there would also be Gertrude and Alida, and she did not feel as if she could tell her sorrowful tale before them. Very lightly she tapped on the door, and waited breathlessly for an answer.

It came at once. There was the movement of a chair, a few heavy steps, and the door stood open.

"Grandmother!"

The one word was charged full of grief, anxiety, entreaty, and the old woman looked at the woeful young face confronting her with a kind of angry pity.

"What brings you out and here this morning?" she asked. "You are wet through. Come in."

She followed her grandmother into a kind of parlor-kitchen. There was a good fire on

the hearth, and some ham broiling in a little Dutch oven before it. A plate of buttered toast stood on the fender and a small round table, drawn close to the hearth, was set for breakfast. An open Bible also lay on the table, and it was evident Madame had been reading her morning portion from it when disturbed by Catharine's knock.

The unhappy girl went to the fire and put her wet feet upon the fender. She no longer made any effort to control her feelings, and tears wet her white cheeks as she loosened her bonnet strings and shook them clear of the gathered raindrops.

"Now, then, what is it? For nothing you are not here. And I am not pleased at your coming. Why have you come?" Madame spoke a little sternly; for she had instantly made up her mind that her daughter-in-law was in some financial difficulty, which she was to be asked to relieve.

"Grandmother — we —"

"Well, then?"

"We have heard of father."

"Nothing good, I see that." Her aged form shook all over and she sat down in her chair, quite unwittingly laying her hand on the open Bible. "Why don't you speak then?" she asked fretfully. "What have you heard?"

"His ship was taken by the pirates. He was sold as a slave; he is now either dead, or a — slave."

A sudden great passion was the first outcome of this intelligence. "He deserves it all!" she cried. "He deserves it! I told him what would happen! He would go to sea! He would have his own way! 'Disobedient to parents.' Right! Right are the Holy Scriptures, in putting children 'disobedient to parents' with murderers, and revilers, and blasphemers — "

"Oh grandmother, *hush!*" and as she spoke, the weeping girl let her hands fall to her side with an impetuous thud.

"'Hush' I will not! To me, how dare you use such a word? I say your father is a disobedient son and disobedient children live not out half their days. You may read that in the Holy Scriptures."

"Well, then, grandmother, if he has done wrong, he has suffered; he is suffering. Have pity on him! Even God forgives the sinner."

"When the sinner asks Him, then He forgives. Jansen has never written me a line. Never once has he said to me, 'Mother, I am suffering. Mother, I am sorry.'"

"Not one word has he sent to us. Well, then, it must be that he *cannot* send any word. Grandmother, have you heard? Do you know what dreadful men these pirates are?"

"Heard! Know! Yes, I know well that hell itself is blacker for every one that goes there. Who told you this news?"

"Mr. Errington."

"The Englishman? Then I believe not one word of it."

"It is the truth. Listen!" and Catharine went over the story which Mr. Errington had told Paul. She noticed that her grandmother's face glowed with pride she could not conceal, when told of the stubborn fight made by the Captain of *The Golden Victory*, though she asked with a tearful anger:

"Why did n't he run? Why did he fight? How could he fight devils, slipped away from the bottomless pit?" Then she broke utterly down. She rocked herself backwards and forwards; she wrung her old hands, and sobbed out in a voice, that filled her rooms with its passionate anguish:

"*O mijn zoon Jan! Mijn zoon! mijn zoon Jan! — Och dat ik, ik, voor u gestorven ware, Jan mijn zoon! mijn zoon!*"[1]

For a minute or two Catharine let her sorrow have full sway. Then she stepped to her side, kissed the tears from her cheeks, laid the gray old head against her breast and said

[1] 2 Samuel xviii. 33.

she hardly knew what words of hope and comfort.

By and by the old woman recovered herself. With the slow, cold, bitter tears of age, she began to consider the stunning facts that had fallen like a thunderbolt on her lonely hearthstone. "You say your father inland has been taken?" she asked.

"Mr. Errington's friend said the captain with whom he sailed and the three sailors who had survived had been driven inland. They were chained two and two for the march. He bade them a mute 'good-by' as they passed him."

Madame set her lips hard, her eyes filled again; but she said: "Well, then, what is it you want?"

"That my father should be ransomed, without one hour's delay."

"Yes, yes! I will send Claes Brevoort to Washington. He will tell the Government — they try to ransom all Americans. *O mine*

Goden! it is a crying shame and sin, to give good gold to such villains. Why, then, do they not give cannon balls?"

"Oh, grandmother, for the government we cannot wait."

"If alive your father is, God has kept him alive; and what He has done, that He will do."

"Grandmother — God has now sent the word to *us*. It is you and I, and Uncle Jacob, and Paul, and mother, who are to work for his release."

"What can I do? An old woman am I, nearly seventy years old am I."

"You can perhaps give some money; that —"

"I will not give my money to such wicked men."

"It is for father."

"How much money?"

"Mr. Errington thinks ten thousand dollars."

"Quite crazy are you. Ten thousand dollars. *Owee! owee!*[1] In the way of the wicked your father would go; and —"

"Now then, grandmother, no use is there in blaming father. He is not to blame. Not at all. Very brave and good is he. Ten thousand dollars is nothing at all for his life; and it is ten thousand dollars we *must* have!" and Catharine spoke with an anger that annoyed her grandmother.

"Oh, indeed!" she answered. "Nothing at all is ten thousand dollars. Very well, then, for nothing at all why come to me? See, now I have had no breakfast — leave me — leave me —"

"I cannot leave you, grandmother, till something is said — till something is done."

"I will see your Uncle Jacob — I will think about it. In one minute I cannot think, I cannot do. Oh, Jan! so wicked, so cruel you have always been!"

[1] Alas! Alas!

"It is cruel in you, grandmother, to speak ill of my father. I cannot bear it—" and she burst into such a passion of weeping as astonished and even a little frightened the old woman. "I love my father," she continued; "I will move heaven and earth to set him free. If you will not help, I will ask every one I meet to do so. I will stand at Trinity gates and beg for the money. I will ask Domine de Rhonde to make a collection in the church for it. I will—"

"One great fool you will make of yourself. People will think shame of you."

"They will not. Who is there that will not pity a girl begging for her father's freedom? Now, this minute, I will go straight to the Domine."

"Nothing of the kind you will do. Sit down. Your senses you have quite lost. Like some one crazy you talk. And what is the use of cry, cry, crying? No good are tears."

At this moment Jacob Van Clyffe entered

the room, and seeing Catharine in great distress, he plunged into the subject at once. "Here is a calamity, mother," he said. "Paul has just told me, and I see that you also know."

"I know."

"What is to be done?"

"*That* I know not."

"But ten thousand dollars are to be got at once."

"And that is impossible."

"It must be made possible. How my affairs stand I cannot in an hour say. I fear that out of my business it cannot come. To take it would be to wrong my creditors."

"Yes, and all to pieces will go your business, and you will get into debts you cannot pay; and then it will be bankruptcy, and a debtor's prison for you, and I see not the good of that."

"As I was saying, mother, I cannot for the sake of many others risk my business, but I can mortgage my home."

"Without my will and name, you cannot mortgage your home; and my will and name for any such purpose I will not give to you. Any trouble can come out of this great trouble; it will breed troubles of all kinds, and Gertrude and Alida shall not be put in danger of losing a roof to cover their heads."

"But, mother, in some way this money must be obtained. In the newspapers Jan's situation will be told; in everybody's mouth it will be; in the church the Domine will offer prayers for him, and how among my friends could I show my face if I said only 'poor Jan!' and buttoned up my pockets. There is yet more. I love my brother; eat I cannot, nor drink, nor sleep, nor do my business, until all that is possible for Jan's release is set going."

"*Heaven and earth!*" cried the old woman. "Leave me! Both of you leave me to myself! I have to bear; more than you I have to bear. I must have time to think. I must speak to Claes Brevoort. I must find out what moneys

I have. *O mine Goden!*" she cried pitifully, as she dropped her head upon the Bible. "*Mijne Jan! Mijne Jan! Owee! Owee!*"

Her grief was terrible, and she would not be comforted. In a manner too imperative to be disregarded she bade both her son and her granddaughter "leave her alone with her sorrow" and Jacob took Catharine by the hand and led her away. When they reached the street he said: "Go home, my poor lamishie! Go home and wait. Whatever can be done I will look to. So wet it is, and so cold too. You will make yourself ill, and then that will be more trouble." He spoke a little impatiently, but Catharine saw the tears in his eyes and felt the strong, tender clasp of his hand as he said:

"In the dark am I, Katryntje! I see not what to do." Then, as he turned away, she heard him utter with the strong entreating of his mother-tongue: "*God in de hemelin verlichte mijne oogen!*" [1]

[1] God in heaven enlighten my eyes!

All day long Paul and Catharine waited, watched, listened. But no word of help or hope came. They were so young, they could not understand that even the fondest, strongest love must meet delays of all kinds. When the light faded into darkness, they stood together at the parlor window and asked each other what was to be done.

"We must do now what we should have done at first," said Paul. "We must tell mother. Never yet have I seen mother in a strait she could not find her way out of."

"Yes, we will go to mother. It is *we*, our own selves, who must help father. Was not the word sent to us? We will go to mother."

VI

Raising the Ransom

CHAPTER VI

RAISING THE RANSOM

ALL that Paul expected from his mother she realized. In the midst of her anguish she was calm and mentally clear and alert; and before the sorrowful tale was fully told she had decided what course to take. "Children," she said, "I know well that Jacques Cortelyou will give me a mortgage on this house. Long he has desired to have it, for he owns the houses on each side of us. To-morrow morning I will see him; this is the first thing to do. Your Uncle Jacob has so many claims to consider; your grandmother loves her gold as her life. We must help ourselves."

She made little outcry, but her whole being expressed the woeful wretchedness in which her

soul labored. And she finally confessed that this very thing had been the haunting fear which had filled her days and nights for months with terror unspeakable. "Not to think of it, not to speak of it I tried," she said, "because I was so afraid by doing so I might call the sorrow unto us. Yet six months ago I wrote to our consul at Algiers begging him to make inquiries about your father. No answer came to my letter; so then I had hope that the thing I dreaded had *not* happened to us."

They went early and sadly to rest. Paul and Catharine, worn out with their previous night, soon fell into deep and restful forgetfulness of all sorrow, but Madame Van Clyffe was long awake with her grief. However, she was not a woman who sought help through the Gate of Tears; to her the Gate of Prayer stood open and entering into that sanctuary a voice from the unseen soon called to her to give her patience under suffering, and to assure her that

her case was not hidden from the Lord of the Universe.

In the morning she came down calm and strong and ready dressed for the street. But as the servants were passing to and fro nothing was said of the business in hand. Indeed, the time for talking was over, and all felt that the hour had come for effort that must not be slackened until it was successful. Paul and Catharine remained together while their mother took the step which she believed would prove the right one. Paul sat musing by the fire. Catharine could not work. Her sewing lay on the table, the gay silks and the white lutestring, but she had no heart for making rosebuds. Neither could she talk. She was too anxious. She walked up and down the room and sometimes stood at the window looking out but seeing nothing. She longed for the Bells to say a word, but they had no message for her. Nine o'clock chimed, and the notes were without meaning; ten o'clock chimed, and

it was only a chime. She turned impatiently when it was over and saw her mother coming up the steps. It was a very stormy morning and Madame was wet through, but when she entered the parlor there was a look on her face which told of success before she found breath to say:

"Children, I have got six thousand dollars on the house. Now, Paul, you will go to your Uncle Jacob, and tell him that if he and your grandmother cannot manage the other four thousand to-day I shall go to Philadelphia to-morrow, and get the money from my relatives there."

Catharine was helping her to remove her wet clothing as she spoke, and as soon as he had received his message Paul went to deliver it. Then as Madame took up at once the regular duties of her household, Catharine also lifted her needle and resolutely resolved to imitate her mother's noble self-control.

In about half an hour she heard a knock at

the door, and, pausing a moment to listen, was aware that one of the servants went to answer it. The circumstance was an ordinary one, and did not arouse any special interest; but when Jane ushered into her presence an old woman breathless with the wind and dripping with the rain, she started to her feet, and exclaimed with utter amazement:

"Grandmother! You!"

"Yes, child. My cloak and my wet shoes take off, and my hood it is soaked; shake it. Your mother? Where is she?"

"I will go for her."

"A minute wait. Put for me a chair near to the fire; and then I will have a cup of hot tea."

As Catharine was obeying these orders, Madame Van Clyffe came into the room. She stood speechless, for never before had her mother-in-law visited her. It was the older woman who spoke first. She stretched out her hand, and said:

"Sarah, the same trouble have we. Sorry I am for you!"

Then Madame lost all her fortitude. She sat down by Jan's mother, and wept like a child. She kissed the strong, withered face, that was as old-looking as a crinkled leaf in December. She took in her own white young hands, the aged yellow hands, seamed all over with blue veins; and stroked, and petted them, with an unmistakable affection. She began to speak of Jan's goodness and his love for his mother; and when Catharine entered with the cup of hot tea, the two women were weeping together, and exchanging confidences about the beloved one, who was in such a terrible condition, and who was so dear to both of them.

Catharine was greatly affected. She quietly set down the little tray, and was going out of the room, when her grandmother said:

"Katryntje! come here. Listen to me. I have put this morning in the bank, for your father's ransom, ten thousand dollars. Now,

then, at Trinity Gates you will not need to beg; nor to the Domine you will not need now to go. Oh, child, child!" and then she broke down again, and covered her face with her trembling hands. And they comforted and blessed her, and gave her the warm drink; and after a little broken conversation she fell asleep, and lay like one dead, for more than an hour.

When she awoke she had quite recovered her strength. She insisted on going to her home; but she did not refuse her daughter-in-law's assistance through the wet and windy streets. Nor did she neglect to warn her about undue haste:

"How you feel, that I know, Sarah," she said. "For myself, I wish that I had wings like the bird that flies eighty miles in one hour. But with Jan is my heart and my thoughts; and sure am I that he will feel some new strength and hope. Perhaps, then, God will send to him some dream full of comfort; for

into my heart has come a sure and certain belief that I shall see again, in the land of the living, my boy Jan. But one thing, mind, Sarah: the money in the right way must go. In a bag you cannot put it, and then send a boy like Paul with that bag in his hand. The right way must be found, the right time, and the right person."

"Dear mother, all you say shall be done; and I thank — "

"No! No! In my own heart is the witness;" and then all the way to her house she tried to impress on her daughter-in-law the necessity for some official protection for Paul and the ransom. "I have heard of that scoundrel Yusef!" she said passionately. "There is no measure to his treachery and cruelty; Quite capable is he of taking the gold, and making the bearer of it his slave."

"I have thought of that, mother. Mr. Errington told me this morning that he would devise means for Paul's protection."

"The Englishman! Can you trust him?"

"He is to be trusted. Of that I am sure."

In the evening Mr. Errington visited the unhappy family. He was delighted at the promptitude they had manifested, and was quite ready to second it. "I will go with Paul to Baltimore," he said, "and if we have time, we must go to Washington, and get letters which may be powerful aids to success. I think, too, that I can obtain permission for Paul to go on the *George Washington*, with Captain Bainbridge. Some sort of position may be found there for him; he would then have the protection of a United States man-of-war; and also the favorable consideration from Yusef which half a million of money may have upon his temper."

"Paul can leave at any time," said Madame Van Clyffe.

"Say, then, in two days. Madame, you may rely on me. I will do all that is possible;

and I will see Paul safely on his merciful journey before I return."

Large as these promises were, Mr. Errington kept them. Paul carried an urgent and powerful letter to the consul; and one which in case of extremity, might be given to the piratical emperor himself. Many details not necessary to explain were to attend to; but at length, the gold for Captain Van Clyffe's ransom was on board the *George Washington;* her sails were set, her anchor lifted; and Paul on board, hopefully waving an adieu to the stranger, who had served him so nobly.

In the meantime, his mother and sister took up their daily life again, with what heart they were able. Eight or nine weeks, perhaps much longer, must elapse before they could hope to have any intelligence; and at first it seemed to Catharine, that she could not, could not, bear the suspense. Fortunately, the need for work was greater than ever; and in this need, the two anxious women were able to lose

"The good ship sped out to sea for the long voyage"

that distressing sense of watching and listening, which is the sting of fear and uncertain anxiety. Every hour of daylight was filled with labor of some kind. Catharine taught her mother the slight, but effective embroidery, by which the largest amount of money was made; and very soon it was two busy needles at work almost from morning to night.

Besides which, Catharine had three new music scholars; though, as they were more advanced than her cousins, she was often obliged to herself practice the lesson she was going to teach. Just at dusk one day, she put down her embroidery, and began to go over, very softly, a sonata of Mozart's. As she did so, Mr. Errington entered the room, walked to her side, and said: "You are playing that passage incorrectly. It is rapid and *legato;* and the turn is on E, not on D. Let me show you." He played it twice or thrice over, and Catharine, burning with shame and anger, imitated his rendering. But when she told

her mother of the circumstance, she did not get the sympathy she expected.

"Very glad you ought to be, Tryntje, and not cross," answered Madame. "A young girl like you cannot know everything."

"To be sure; but then, he was not asked to teach me."

"So much the greater his kindness. Mr. Errington told Paul, he would do everything he could to help us while we are alone — that was one thing in which he could help, and he did it. It was a trouble, and no pleasure to him."

"All the same, I am not sure but what I played the passage in the manner most correct."

"I do not think so."

"And I hope that he will not interfere with my music again. He talked to me as if I was at school. I am not a child. I am almost a young lady."

"Katryntje! You make me astonished at

you. I hope, then, he will tell you whenever you are wrong. It is very good of him."

This was precisely what Mr. Errington did. He fell into the habit of calling upon the two ladies once every day, of telling them any public or social news he thought might interest them, and of asking Catharine to play for him. When he found out that she had a very sweet and sympathetic voice he began to teach her to sing many charming and even difficult solos from the great masters of melody. In fact, he conceived himself to have a certain providential charge over these desolate, anxious women, and in two or three weeks managed to become that excellent thing — a familiar friend, who knows just how far friendship is convenient and acceptable.

A kindly notoriety was now attached to the Van Clyffes. The story of the captain's captivity was told at every hearth, and many wealthy and important people took a great interest in his release. Indeed, sympathy on

every hand waited for them. Catharine's wonderful industry and cleverness was constantly praised; every one was desirous to have something from her hands, simply because every one desired to help her. Her refusal to taste any luxury or to participate in any amusement, while her father's fate was undecided, in some way became known, and mothers and fathers looked kindly into her young face wherever she went. Besides which, her grandmother took more notice of her, and that pleased Catharine most of all.

In a large measure Jacob Van Clyffe compelled in his household a similar condition of seclusion. "Church is our only pleasure now," said Gertrude fretfully one morning to Catharine. "The Schuylers have a dance tomorrow night — a family dance — and yet father will not let us go. We may not skate, we may not visit, we may not have a few friends to short-evening with us. And when I complain, he says, 'You have the pianoforte.

Many times you said it was all the pleasure you wanted.' Is it not too bad, Catharine?"

"What can I say, Gertrude? The thought of pleasure-making is to me impossible." She had just given her cousin a music lesson, and was sitting a little while to rest before returning home. Her face was sad; she was tired; she had grown weary of counting the days; the Bells had forgotten her; Mr. Errington had been at Mr. Morris's for nearly a week; her mother's anxiety, through all her attempted cheerfulness, was so pitifully evident, and she could not help but share it,—all her life seemed to be held in a painful suspense. And the weather was so gray and damp and chill, and she had a bad headache. Gertrude's complaining was the last straw, for it had a tone of personality that offended her, and she continued:

"I should think you would not like to dance, or to be seen dancing, Gertrude, when the family is in such trouble."

"Oh, indeed, an uncle is not a father, and I have not often seen Uncle Jansen, he is usually away. I know one thing, he has made for us all a very bad winter. Grandmother says —"

"I am sure she says nothing like what you have said," answered Catharine sharply.

"And to think," said Gertrude, with increasing ill temper, "to think of all the money she has had to give to those dreadful creatures!"

"I do not think that one dollar of her money will be used," said Catharine with a flushing face. "I hope not."

"I also hope not," continued Gertrude. "Out of our pocket it will really come."

"I think it will not come out of your pocket; but if so, that is far better than that my father should be a slave. Mr. Errington says six thousand dollars may be sufficient. My mother sent six thousand, and besides that Paul has with him mother's pearl necklace and her ruby brooch and ring."

"What a shame! Such lovely jewels! I remember Aunt Sarah wearing them to a great dinner at Richmond Hill. And of course they would come to you. How could you let them go? There was money enough without them."

"What are a few pearls to my father's liberty? I would fling them into the river only to see him for one five minutes."

"Such words are nonsense."

"No. They are the truth."

"Six thousand dollars and the pearls and rubies! Certainly that ought to be enough without any of grandmother's money."

"I have no doubt it will be enough."

"I don't think we need care whether it is enough or not," said Alida. "If grandmother likes to give her money to save Uncle Jan, it is nothing to us. She never gives us any money."

"But she will leave it to us when she dies," answered Gertrude. "For my part, I think

she never will die. She is seventy now, and — "

"Well, then!" said Catharine in a passion, "you ought to die before her. If you did, who could be sorry? You have always the thought of grandmother's death in your greedy heart. I am ashamed of you!"

"I will never take another music lesson from *you* — Miss Van Clyffe."

"I am ashamed of you, and I do not wish to give you another music lesson."

"Please don't quarrel, Catharine," said Alida.

"Oh, indeed!" answered Catharine, "it is time to quarrel with Gertrude on this subject. Grandmother, when our great need came for her love, was as tender and generous as the good God makes mothers; and I would not deserve my own sweet mother if I listened patiently any longer to Gertrude's constant wishes for our grandmother's money — for it is all the same as wishing for her death."

"Well, then," said Gertrude in a violent passion, "I do wish she was dead. I wish that I had that old leather bag in which she keeps her guineas. And I will wish she was dead just as often, and just as much as I want to, without caring whether Catharine Van Clyffe likes it or does not like it."

"Gertrude! Gertrude!" said Alida. "I would not say such things."

"You have said them yourself, miss. Often you have said them."

"I am going home," said Catharine, rising hastily to her feet, "and what is more, here I will never come again."

The room in which they were sitting was the big house-place, and as it opened directly on the garden, there was in winter time a large oaken screen extending half the way through the room and forming a sort of hall or passage. The side of this screen facing the room was panelled, and slightly carved; the other side was fitted with hooks for hats and

cloaks. There Catharine's hood and cloak were hanging and she rose to get them; but ere she reached the end of the temporary partition her grandmother came from behind it.

She pushed Catharine gently aside and stood facing Gertrude with such grief and anger on her aged face as no words can translate. There was no necessity for her to say a word. Gertrude burst into a storm of tears and cries, averring that she did not mean a single word of what she had said; and that she had only said them to tease and anger her cousin Catharine. She attempted to take her grandmother's hand, to kiss her, to plead with her, but the wounded old woman would not listen to her or answer her in any way.

She turned to Catharine and told her to put on her cloak and hood, and she would take her back to town, and she ordered Alida to tell her father exactly what had occurred. Then Gertrude fled to her room, crying, and

"Gertrude burst into a storm of tears"

bemoaning her fate, and wishing that Catharine had never come into their house. For she was angry at every one but herself. "Catharine had been sitting close to the screen; she had heard the door open and guessed *who* was coming, and of course that was the reason she had 'stood up' for grandmother. It was just like Catharine's double ways." These, and many other accusations quite as unjust, she reiterated with ever increasing passion. Alida, even, was not exempt from her angry suspicions.

"*You* heard grandmother come in; I am sure you did," she said to her sister.

"I did not, Gertrude."

"Yes, you did. And that was the reason you told me 'not to say such things.' You have said them yourself often."

"I have not."

"You have. You and Catharine are two deceitful creatures! You, both of you, heard grandmother; and you might have warned me,

Alida. Only like a sister it would have been. As for Catharine, never do I wish to see her again. Very tired am I of all the fuss made about her goodness and her cleverness. I would have done just the same things, if in her place I had been. No better than any one else is she. The way the Goverts, and Hoaglands, and Evertsens, and even the Domine, go on about her is shameful. I, for one, am not going down on my knees before Miss Catharine Van Clyffe's virtue! Oh, dear, what will father say to me! He also will be against poor Gertrude!"

"Gertrude, I am not against you."

"Every one, and everything, is against me. Not one shilling now will grandmother leave me — well, then, I don't care!"

"We shall always share together, Gertrude, in every way."

"Alida, what will you say to father?"

"The truth I must tell him — there is no other thing to do."

"I know that. But I hope that you will also say that Catharine provoked me very much. You will take my part, Alida, my dear sister?"

"Always I shall stand by you, Gertrude. I suppose now there will be no more music lessons, and for that I am sorry."

"Other teachers can be got very easily. And you might tell father that since Catharine had Margaret Freer and Jane and Anna Rysdick to teach, she has not cared about our lessons at all; and that I was angry about this. Remember how stupid she was this morning. Once she was so good-tempered and merry —"

"But she had a headache this morning, and she is so anxious and sorrowful."

"Well, then, is that our business? Very pleasant are we to her. It is, however, things like this you must tell father and grandmother; and also say to them both, 'You know what a quick temper our little Gertrude has, and that

she means nothing at all by her bad words.' Surely, Alida, you will stand up for me?"

"You know well that I shall do and say all that is possible for you, Gertrude."

"I dare say at this very minute Catharine is petting our grandmother and telling her all sorts of things against both of us — our father ought to be told that also — and grandmother will now be talking to Catharine, and asking her questions about us — and you may guess what that double-faced creature will say to her."

In this respect Gertrude was very far wrong. The grandmother did not say one word to Catharine all the way back to the city. When she put her down at a point not very far from her home, she asked, but with evident effort, if Catharine's mother was quite well, and to the girl's answer, her expression of 'thanks' and her 'good-bye' she made no response, except a slight nod, and the faintest flicker of a smile.

Catharine had even a feeling that her grandmother was glad to be relieved from her company; and she said to herself, as she threaded the wet, crowded streets, "Grandmother was only kind to me in order to punish Gertrude and Alida." It was indeed one of those days, in which life is apt to show us only the wrong, or seamy, side of all events; and this incident weighed on Catharine's heart very heavily. She feared her Uncle Jacob would be made to throw the blame on her — that she would lose both his love and her pupils — that in some way or other she would be made to feel, even by her grandmother, that she had been the bringer-forth of unhappiness. As she walked drearily forward, life was at its lowest point; and she wondered if any other girl in all New York was so miserable, and so hopeless. As she neared her home, the Bells chimed the noon hour, but though she listened with her soul in her ears, they said nothing to her. It was just another disappointment.

When she came close to Trinity gates, she saw they were partially open, and the church door ajar; and a sudden overwhelming desire to enter the holy place took possession of her. There was apparently no one in the church; but a brush and a duster, lying in the vestibule, gave her the key to the conditions; and she said to herself:

"Some one has been dusting the pews, and when twelve chimed they have gone to their dinner. Very well, then, I shall have one hour alone."

She walked reverently forward, and soon came to a high, square pew. It was canopied and curtained and richly ornamented; but she regarded only its deep seclusion. It was easy to enter, and she closed the door again, and sat down on one of the soft, velvet footstools. In a few minutes she was sensitive to that singular, supernatural peace which pervades places in which men are accustomed to pray. The fret of life was outside; it was far away from her —

she was in a sanctuary, and she felt as if she was in the presence of a great, calm friend. No one was near but God and her Angel. And suddenly there came to her mind a passage in her *Imitation*, against which her mother had put a mark; and though she had not consciously learned the words, they now came to her remembrance, one by one, like drops of comfort; and she slipped down to her knees, and let them taste on her lips like honeycomb:

> "When I desired to speak to my Beloved, He Himself met me most joyfully. Behold I am here, He said; tell me now what new thing has happened."
>
> À Kempis.

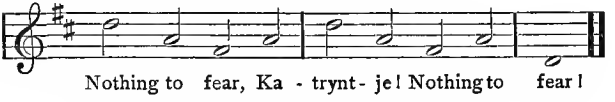
And she told everything — all her anxiety about her father and mother and brother; her weariness, her depression; her longing for some happiness; her distress in that morning's quarrel. And as she prayed thus, a feeling of tender, vague mystery, bringing distinctly the sense of God's presence, encompassed her.

She was no longer afraid; she was no longer unhappy. All the shadows were gone. She had been comforted in a way exceeding all reasoning whatever, and penetrated with an unutterably sweet sensation of God's love and care for her.

Fearing to break this heavenly sense of happiness, she sat very still, her face calm and shining, her eyes soft, deep, full of holy peace. Soon an irresistible languor soothed and possessed all her faculties, the carpet was warm and thick, the cushion-like hassocks soft as pillows. Almost unconsciously she fell into a sleep, dreamless, profound, full of rest from head to feet — such sleep as "He giveth His beloved."

For more than two hours she slept; then in a moment she was wide awake. Some one was playing the organ very softly, and a young priest was silently praying at the altar. With a song of joy in her heart, fearing, doubting, sorrow all fled away — she passed quietly

out of the sanctuary, in which she had found such comfort. And just as she reached the church gates the Bells began to chime. She listened, and the happiest light spread from her lips to her eyes, and transfigured her whole face, for this was what they said to her:



Lightly as a fawn she stepped across the muddy street. Her mother had been expecting her for some hours, and she looked up from her work at the delayed girl with a serious inquiry. But when she saw the radiance, the peace, the happiness in Catharine's countenance she held back the words of reproof that seemed deserving, and asked "What is it, Katryntje?"

"I have had a message, mother," she said. "The Bells have spoken at last," and she sat down by her mother's side, and softly told her what she had already told God. And Madame,

who had a heart simple and trustful as a child's, was equally comforted, and the words of reproof that had been on her lips were turned into words of hope and affection. The quarrel at Uncle Jacob's was indeed a very disquieting circumstance; but Catharine thought she ought "to let it alone," and her mother soon came to the same conclusion. "In a muddy stream, there is no use in stirring; we will let it settle," she said; "for whatever move we make, it may be wrong."

The wisdom of this course was evidenced by facts. In about a week, Alida called to ask Catharine to continue their lessons. She said Gertrude had gone to her grandmother, and come back forgiven; but it was not to be hidden that the family inquisition had been a very severe one, and that the intervening week had been full to the brim of penitence and penalties. Nor was the domestic atmosphere yet settled after the storm. Gertrude was sullen and gloomy, Alida only half as pleasant,

and as for Uncle Jacob and the grandmother, neither of them made any sign to Catharine. She could not tell whether they were angry at her or not; but she thought of what her uncle had once said to Paul, about the leafless trees and frozen streams — "they don't complain, they wait." And she resolved to make neither inquiry nor complaint, but simply wait.

In other respects life was brighter, and she did not try to reason away the comfort of the Bells. She kept their assurance like a song in her heart. When she awakened in the morning, she said to herself, "Nothing to fear, Katryntje! Nothing to fear," and all day long, if a cowardly doubt disturbed her peace, she answered it with, "Nothing to fear, Katryntje! Nothing to fear!"

So the days went and came, and were full of work and hope and sympathy. Acquaintances began to say, "You ought to hear something good soon, Madame Van Clyffe," and

her mother always answered, "Yes, then, that is what we are expecting." One morning Mr. Errington came into the parlor to ask Madame Van Clyffe if she would permit him to make a picture of a Dutch interior from her best kitchen. And as Madame was pleased at the proposal, they stood talking about the arrangement of certain old oak presses and cupboards, and the furniture of the room — especially of the big fireplace. Catharine went on with her embroidery listening the while, and sometimes offering a suggestion, but really more interested in her work and in her own thoughts than in the "Dutch Interior."

In the midst of this quiet discussion the parlor door was abruptly flung wide open, and a little figure in a light blue hood, and a quantity of pale brown hair on her shoulders, ran impetuously forward to Catharine, exclaiming, in almost hysterical *crescendo*, "My dear Delight! My dear Delight!! My dear Delight!!!"

It was, of course, Elsie Evertsen. No one

but Elsie would have so charmingly violated all sensible, conventional rules and forms of "Glad to see you." Madame and Mr. Errington looked at her with pleasant smiles. They ceased their conversation to watch her, for indeed, in her blue hood, and blue cloak, her short dress, and buckled shoes, her child-like beauty and fairy figure, she was a very attractive picture. In a minute or two she turned to Madame and said "Good morning, my dear Delight's mother! Forgive, that I did not speak to you the first." Then looking critically for a moment at Mr. Errington: "You are Paul, I suppose," adding, in a tone of disapproval, "I did not think you were so big."

"I am not Paul," answered Mr. Errington, laughing. And then Catharine introduced Elsie to their friend. She made him an exceedingly pretty curtsy, and then turned away with her "dear companion." They were very quickly left alone, and then Catha-

rine lifted her work, and their confidences began. Without a word Elsie took up Madame Van Clyffe's embroidery, and continued it with a dainty rapidity not even Catharine could exceed.

"You see, Delight," she said, "I have heard all about your great trouble and your great goodness; and I also wish to be good. It is a very unreasonable thing that you should have so much credit. I intend to come here every day and sew; and then at night I shall say, with a face quite serious, 'I have been helping poor Catharine Van Clyffe. I think it is my duty.' People will then approve of me."

"But how did you get away from school? And can you remain?"

"There are ways and means for everything. My brother Joris has been sick; and he said to my father, 'If I can see Elsie, I shall get better.' And my father sent for me, and I came in a great hurry."

"How, then, is your brother?"

"Joris is now nearly well — but I am not going back to lovely Bethlehem. Oh no! I have examined myself, and I have said to myself: 'Elsie Evertsen, you have as many accomplishments as are good for you. More learning will make you vain and disagreeable.' I do not wish to be vain and disagreeable, so I am not going to learn any more."

"But what will your father and mother say?"

"My father and mother have fears lest Joris should go into a decline. I have asked Joris to declare he cannot keep well without me; and father and mother are extremely sensible; they always call the way of Joris their own way."

"Will Joris do what you ask him to do?"

"Boys are queer — very queer, Delight. But I shall assure my brother, that I cannot be happy away from him — that also is the truth, and that will please him, and he will say to father and mother, 'Do not send Elsie

from home, I cannot bear it.' If he should be in a stubborn, unpleasant temper, I shall cry. Joris will not endure me to cry — not for one minute. He will say 'There, now! Stop, you little baby!' Then he will do all I desire. Boys are easily managed, one way or the other. I am sorry Paul is not here. I have thought of Paul like another brother. A girl can do with so many brothers, and I have only one. Who was the gentleman in the room?"

"An Englishman, who lodges with us. He has been a great friend."

"An Englishman! I am extremely sorry I made him a curtsy. It is against my principles, to curtsy to Englishmen. Is he nice?"

"When you know him. I did not like him at first. He treats you as if you knew nothing at all. I had to remind him often, that I had been to school, whether he believed it or not. However, he has helped me with my music — and he paints beautiful pictures."

"Does he dance?"

"He goes to balls; I suppose, then, he dances."

"Does he skate?"

"No. He says he never wished to skate."

"Well, then, how can he be nice?"

A person who did not "skate" was uninteresting to Elsie; and she turned the conversation instantly to the school, and the events and changes that had happened since Catharine's farewell to it. In this way the morning and afternoon went like a pleasant dream; and at four o'clock Elsie's little fingers had accomplished more than a sufficiency of beautiful work to fully entitle her to say "I have been helping poor Catharine Van Clyffe. I think it is my duty."

Elsie did not go back to school; so it was evident that Joris — though he declared himself devoted to the truth — had been managed by his "little baby" of a sister. Indeed, Elder Evertsen was heard to say, with some

domestic pride, "his boy and girl were so fond of each other that they could not be in good health apart."

And Catharine was glad of Elsie's company. She had a true, tender heart below all her affectations; and if she was not very intelligent, she was certainly a very great favorite. Mr. Errington was delighted with her childish, meddling, saucy imperiousness; and he induced her to obtain her parents' consent to sit at Catharine's spinning-wheel, and become, in this character, a part of his great picture — "A Dutch Interior." For the sittings she wore the quaintest of Dutch costumes; and her pretty airs, and quarrels with Mr. Errington, and her criticisms of his work, made many a hearty laugh, and passed happily many a gloomy day.

Elsie was all the more desirable, because Gertrude and Alida did not recover their old friendship. The lessons were continued, because Uncle Jacob wished them to be con-

tinued; but the girls were both of them shy and cold, visiting on Catharine the consequences of their own fault. Elsie's quick wit divined the situation. She understood without a word the jealousy of the sisters; and their envy of Catharine's many friends and great popularity. It gave her, therefore, great pleasure to walk part of the way home with Gertrude, or Alida, and make such remarks as the following:

"I wish that Catharine was my cousin. Another girl so good, so clever, so beautiful, you cannot find in New York."

"Do you indeed think her beautiful?" asked Gertrude.

"Well, then," answered Elsie, "we are all of us dowdy girls when we stand beside her. Her face is perfect! and her figure! and as for her voice, it is wonderful!"

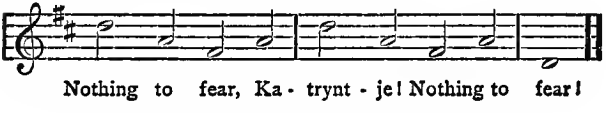
"Indeed," said Gertrude, "my voice is much stronger. I have been asked to sing in the choir."

"Of the Dutch church! Perhaps, indeed, your voice, or my voice, might do for the choir — but if you have once heard Catharine sing *Where the Bee Sucks* then you do not want to sing yourself, any more."

And neither Gertrude nor Alida cared to contradict Elsie very far. In the first place, her father was rich; and Elsie was a desirable acquaintance. They liked to boast to other girls of knowing her; they were distinctly proud of visiting at her house; and, in the second place, any dissent implied a certain jealousy and envy they did not like to acknowledge. And it is always some gain to keep envy and jealousy silent; far better they should torment those who encourage them than make miserable the innocent.

With this new element infused into their quiet, busy days, Madame Van Clyffe and Catharine bore with bravery, and even cheerfulness, the slow wearing away of weeks into months. Her music, her teaching, her em-

broidery, and Elsie's companionship left little space for fretting. Nor was Catharine inclined to fret. Her nature was, like all fine natures, distinctly hopeful; and if, after some specially stormy day, or specially unhappy visit from her relatives, she was disposed to doubt, or to think of her father's or Paul's return with uncertainty, the next chime put music in her heart again. For ever after that day when she found in President Washington's pew in Trinity church a little sanctuary, the bells had chimed one song to her:



VII

All is Well, Katryntje!

CHAPTER VII

ALL IS WELL, KATRYNTJE!

DURING this interval Paul had reached Algiers safely. The voyage there had been somewhat delayed by adverse winds, and by no wind at all; but one day, after five weeks' sailing, the *George Washington* cast anchor within the mole of Algiers. The next day the gold for the barbarian monarch was carried to his palace by American seamen — the officers and the American consul, with a body of sailors, making a guard for it. Cannon from the ship announced its approach; cannon from the Dey's forts thundered out a welcome for it. But it was a most humiliating embassy for American naval officers; and it was no easy matter for them to observe the necessary formalities. Far more cheerfully they would

have bombarded the Dey's palace, than entered it as envoys or guests.

Paul had previously been well instructed by the consul as to his wisest course; and in pursuance of this advice he went with the procession bearing the Dey's present. And he could not help feeling as if he was taking a part in some Arabian Nights' dream. So remote all seemed from American life, from the very century in which he was living. Even the unchangeable sea was strangely unreal in this African harbor. For it was crowded with black war-vessels, with Moorish xebecs, with strange barques of all kinds, and sails of every fantastic shape and color.

And how different from Broadway or the Battery were the narrow, dark streets where the eaves met, and he walked between dead walls. Yet through these sandy, up-hill lanes, what a wildly romantic population poured! — Bedouins, on fleet Arabian horses, — civilians,

all in white, dragging their slippered feet through the dust, with majestic unconcern, — sea robbers armed to the teeth, — Jews, in a costume the very counterpart of that worn by Isaac and Jacob, — date and sherbet sellers, — sheiks, mollahs, dervishes, negroes, — merchants in dusk, unwindowed stalls, sitting cross-legged, smoking, upon bales of drugs, perfumed leather, and fragrant tobacco, — musicians, filling the blue quivering air with the shrill laments of Arab pipes, and little African tam-tams, and iron castanets, — and over everything the intense whitewash, lying like a shroud. The atmosphere of the place was just as foreign and strange and fabulous; for the homelike odor of salt-water, pitch, and tar was powerfully blended with a multitude of unusual scents, — caporal tobacco, attar of roses, haschisch, melons, musk, the peculiar perfume of Morocco leather, Arabian drugs, spikenard, the animal smell of camels, and of all the wild life of the desert.

It was through these old, old-world sights and sounds and smells, the Americans slowly proceeded to the palace of the Dey — the intolerably offensive, cruel Yusef. They found him surrounded by negroes of immense size, black as ebony, very barely clothed in scarlet, with gold bands round their arms and legs; and great gold hoops in their ears; and by Mohammedan viziers in snow-white veils and burnouses. In his hand he held the large, heavily-jewelled fan, with which he had, more than once, struck consuls of the European courts, who had not done him sufficient homage; and over his head was a scarlet umbrella of such antique form as may have sheltered the Queen of Sheba.

He received the American embassy with marked indifference; and there was on his handsome face a repulsive and unspeakably scoffing expression. With apparent unconcern he waved the coin aside; but condescended to say that "he would extend his

protection over American ships of commerce." Then at a motion from the American consul, Paul stepped forward. He took from their satin-lined cases his mother's string of pearls, and her ruby brooch and ring, and laid them at the despot's feet. And the Oriental passion for gems immediately asserted itself. A look of intense interest came into the Dey's disdainful face. Gold was a common commodity of certain value, — but pearls and rubies had the charm of rarity and of uncertain value. He regarded them with a longing eye, and looked inquiringly at the consul, who said:

"Great Bashaw, Yusef. This young American beseeches you to accept these jewels as a ransom for his father and three American seamen, whom your sailors captured on the eleventh of March, about two years ago. It is all he can offer. The American's fortune was in the ship, which is now yours. These jewels come from the women of his

family. Deign, Bashaw, to hear his petition favorably."

"The cadi of the slaves and prisoners shall be consulted," answered the Bashaw. "By the Prophet! if these Americans are still alive they have been too well treated."

Then Paul did a very wise thing. Instead of restoring the jewels to their cases, he handed them to the interpreter for the Dey, saying, "Let the pearls and rubies remain. And may the inquiries be propitious."

This was all. It seemed to Paul very little; but the consul considered it a great deal. Yet Paul passed three days of sickening anxiety before the investigation was made. It was then declared that two of the four men taken from *The Golden Victory* were dead; but that, for the lives of the other two the holy Bashaw was willing, in his great generosity, to consider the ship and the jewels a sufficient ransom.

Three more days were consumed in getting

the necessary orders and discharges; and in securing men and camels to go with Paul to the station at which his father, if still alive, was detained. But at length all was ready, and Paul left Algiers for the works at Mequezna — a journey of four days inland. It was a terrible journey. The country itself was enough to inspire despair — the vast treeless plains, the large salt lakes, the arid grandeur of the white rocks, the fiery glories of the sun, the whole strange, solitary landscape, filled him with an indescribable sadness. Everything was savage, burning, cruel; the land and the men alike partook of the nature of the lions which haunted every mile of their journey. And oh! how these four awful days of travel filled Paul's heart with pity for his captive father! and with love and longing for his own green, cool, free, beautiful native land!

"Oh America! America!" he sobbed as he lay down fearfully to try and sleep in the shadowy caravan, among the camels and asses,

— the fathomless depths of the African sky above him, and the roar of hungry lions all around — "Oh, my native land! if ever I forget thee, or cease to love thee, may I die in this awful place!" For it was impossible to rid himself of a frightful impression of entire separation from home and country. He felt as if he was changed into another person, and lived in a different world, and in a long-ago time.

Twice they met parties of Christian slaves being driven to some other post, where their labor was needed. The clang of their chained limbs, their hopeless looks, their bare feet and heads in the hot sand and sun, and the overseers armed with long whips accompanying them, made a scene that Paul could not endure to look at. After it, he felt as if camels must forever be hateful to him; they were so slow, so wearisome, so indifferent, and he was aching and sick with an impatience that neither the men nor camels cared anything about. He

was sure a horse would have comprehended —would have felt his passionate stress and hurry, and at least have carried him with some sympathy.

At last, however, Mequezna was in sight, though all that appeared was some old walls of hardened clay, seamed and cracked by the sun, and a few roofless huts. An air of unspeakable misery hung over the place; it was desolate and sad beyond description. Half a mile away there were many lime-kilns, and the cadi directed Paul thither. His soul outran his body, he sent his loving, longing thoughts before him, and perhaps his father was insensibly influenced by them. For, though it was not permitted that any slave should lift his eyes, even for a moment from his labor, Captain Jan was standing erect by his burning kiln.

For amid the blaze and heat, a sudden vision had come to him, of the wild free waves, of his bounding ship, and of the fresh

cool winds of heaven blowing all around him. He shaded his hot eyes with his hands, and looked across the white desert, as if he was looking and praying for help. And in that moment his prayer was answered. For Paul saw him, and knew him, and called out with a voice that pierced that dreadful solitude:

"*Father! Father! Father!*"

He was answered by a cry that was hardly human in the intensity of its agony and wonder and joy. Then, despising all discipline, and indifferent to punishment, Captain Jan ran to meet the approaching caravan. And oh! how amazing, how bewildering, were the words that greeted him:

"Freedom! Freedom, father! You are FREE!"

It was soon ascertained that Captain Jan was the only man from *The Golden Victory* still alive. But Paul had brought money with him, and the overseer was induced to put in the dead sailor's place a poor little lad from

"Freedom! Freedom, father! You are free!"

Nantucket — the only other American at that station. Fortunately, Paul had not forgotten to bring with him some linen and clothing for his father, and hardly anything that was merely physical could have so delighted the captain. "It was mother's thought," said Paul. "She packed the clothing, and bade me on no account forget it."

"And it was just like your mother, Paul," he answered, his eyes full of happy tears. "No one but mother would have considered such a thing. I was dead, and am alive again!" he cried, with a transcendent gratitude, "I was lost, and am found!"

In four days they were in Algiers. Then the captain caught sight of the sea, and he shouted aloud; and the little sailor lad cried like a child. But all were yet trembling with anxiety and terror. Yusef was as capricious as the wind, and as treacherous as a bog; some trouble might have arisen which would change all. But no! Thank God, there lay the

George Washington, the blessed ship on which their safety depended. They reached the mole. The cadi, having examined their passports, and received the consul's assurance that the ransomed were Americans, they were suffered to embark.

During these awful moments of suspense, Captain Jan was dumb. He stood by Paul's side in a trance of unspeakable, agonizing fear. For his life he could not have said a word; he was quivering, breathless, until the little boat was under the lee of the *George Washington*, and a ladder of ropes was flung over her side; then in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, he seized the ladder, and the next moment he was received on her deck with a shout of welcome.

But Captain Jan saw no human being; he flung himself upon his knees to thank God; and when he rose, his first action was to clasp the starry flag of America to his breast, and kiss it, and kiss it, and kiss it again and again,

until a passion of tears relieved the almost unbearable tension and pressure of his emotions. Oh what a marvellous hour that was! He was free! He was safe! And he had not felt safe for a moment, until the Stars and Stripes were blowing over him. Now, even if the Dey should alter his mind, he could fight — he could die for his freedom.

And that very night there seemed to be a prospect of a fight. Captain Bainbridge received an impudent but imperative order, to take on board the *George Washington*, a present of slaves, wild beasts, and money for the Sultan; and carry them to Constantinople. In vain Captain Bainbridge protested; the Dey assured him that the *George Washington* was fully in his power, and unless he obeyed, she would be appropriated, her officers and crew sold as slaves, and war immediately declared against American trade.

There was nothing, therefore, to be done, but to proceed to Constantinople on the despot's

business; and it appeared as if there was no other course for Paul and his father, except that of accompanying them. But fortunately, that very night an English ship anchored close beside the *George Washington*; and as soon as it was dark, Paul managed to board her; and to so engage the captain's sympathy that he was not only willing but very desirous to carry the three men out of danger. Before midnight the transfer had been made; but not until they reached the Bay of Biscay, did Captain Jan feel safe.

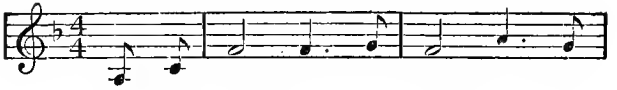
"The Mediterranean," he said, "is full of these Moorish robbers and murderers; and no vessel is secure, no matter under what flag she sails. For when they have sunk a craft, they vow she was flying some flag not under their protection."

In London they deposited the money which Paul had brought for ransom in the Bank of England; and without a moment's delay sought a ship bound for New York. They were for-

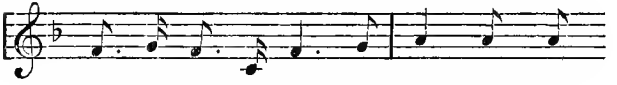
tunate enough to find the *Elijah Pell*, a fast clipper, just ready to sail, and with glad hearts they stepped on board of her. In those days, however, to sail, even in a merchant vessel, was to sail with danger; and with the chance of fight or capture. England and France were liable at any hour to go to war; America and France were ready to fight whenever their crafts met; and the privateers of all three nations hung round in perilous proximity to ingoing and outcoming ships.

But at last! at last! the low-lying, happy shores of America were in sight — the Hook was passed — they were in the river — the city itself was coming into view — in two or three hours Captain Jan and his son might be singing in their own home, the delightful little sea chantey that had interpreted their hopes and longings many an hour on their voyage — the chantey that home-bound Northern sailors had sung for at least two hundred years; and may sing for twice as many more:

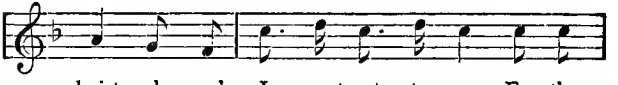
Trinity Bells



And it's Home, dear - ie Home! Oh, it's



Home I want to be! My top sails are



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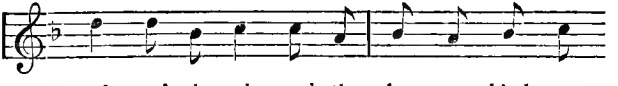

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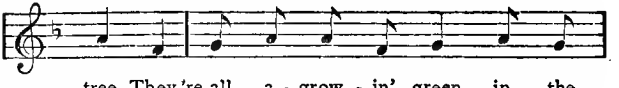
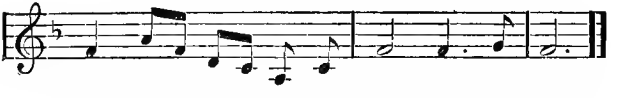


tree, They're all a - grow - in' green in the



North Coun - tree, And it's Home, dear - ie Home!

All is Well, Katryntje!

It was a charming day in late April; one of those spring days when New York is at her very loveliest — when the sky is blue, dappled with white, and the west wind blows gently through her streets, and every man has a flower in his button-hole, and every woman violets on her breast, or daffodils in her hands — when there are early flowers selling at the street corners, and the very beggars ask for pennies with music. It was just the same a hundred years ago. Madame Van Clyffe had a box of English daisies in bloom at her parlor window; they were crying violets on the street; they were selling pansies, and snowdrops, and lilies of the valley in pots, at the street corners. A man was playing a fiddle on the sidewalk before Trinity; and the shop windows were full of Indian calicoes and muslins, and spring delaines, and straw bonnets, and green parasols, and summer lutestrings, and delicate mercery goods of every description.

Madame Van Clyffe was busy with her

needle; Catharine was painting a fan; Mr. Errington was upstairs working on his "Dutch Interior;" they could hear his footsteps as he moved about, and the soft echo of *Full Fathoms Five*, which he was singing, as he worked. Catharine had been telling her mother something amusing about Elsie; but they had talked the event over, and were both silent — so silent that the movement of needle and pencil, and the murmur of song above them, were all distinctly audible.

This conscious quiet was broken by an indescribable movement at the door, and a rapid knock — *the knock*, for which their hearts were always listening. With an uncontrollable cry, Madame ran to the door. Catharine followed her. This time it was the glory and fruition of long months of prayer and watching. She was in her husband's arms. She was in Paul's arms. She was laughing and crying. They were all laughing and crying. None of them could, at first, utter a word.

The return of Captain Jan and Paul

But after a few minutes what a hubbub of joy filled the house! What running hither and thither! What exclamations of welcome! What hurrying hospitality! all the wonders of meeting love, when the dead is alive again, and the lost is found. As quickly as the first excitement was over, the captain asked to see Mr. Errington. Paul ran upstairs to bring him down. He had already guessed what had happened; and he stood with eager face listening to the strange voices, when Paul entered, and, with an utter abandonment of Dutch phlegm, flung his arms round his friend's neck, crying "Come! Come! Come to my father!"

There was, however, no necessity for Mr. Errington to "come." Captain Jan had closely followed Paul; and he stood within his deliverer's room. The two men met with clasping hands. They looked at each other until their eyes filled, and the captain said solemnly:

"Like an angel from heaven you have been to me! All my life long I will love you!"

"It was God Himself who thought of you, captain," answered Mr. Errington. "I was only His messenger. But I thank God that he trusted and honored me so far."

"I have now something to do, and I wish then that you would come with me," said the captain, and the three men went downstairs together. And I am sure, every boy and girl reading this story knows well what Captain Jan had to do, and would lose all interest in him if he lost any time in performing it. But indeed his heart was full of joy in the duty before him. He went into Madame's parlor, and in a voice full of happy impatience, sent Paul to summon Pop, and Bosney, and Sibbey, and Jane; and as soon as he saw their black faces beaming a thousand 'welcomes home' to him, his own face

grew very sad, and full of wistful pity. But there was something wonderful, more than human, in the jubilant voice with which he cried:

"Friends, from this moment, you are all free; every one of you free as a bird in the air! I will not own a slave another moment. I will not have a slave in my home. Do you understand me? You are all as free as I am! As free as the Governor! As free as the President! As free as my own dear wife and children! To-morrow I will have the papers recording your freedom made out; and I will give to each of you two hundred dollars. I would gladly make it a thousand, if I had the means to do so. To these promises God and Mr. Errington are witness." Then he shook hands with each, and they went out of the room dumb with their amazing joy, nor scarcely able to comprehend at once, that their bonds had been broken asunder, and that they might *do* what they wished, and *say*

what they wished, and *go* where they wished — being, as they had never before been, free as the bird in the air!

Then Paul went with the glad tidings to his grandmother and uncle; but the news had, by this time, spread like wildfire through the city. There was soon a great crowd before the door of the Van Clyffes' house; and the captain had to go out and show himself alive, and be cheered and congratulated by thousands. For all day long, and far into the night, these impromptu public receptions continued. Paul was also called for; and the father and son standing together, were a miraculous story, full of the noblest emotions that touch the human heart. Many parents wept, and almost envied the man whose son had dared the tyrant, even in his palace, for his father's life and liberty. And if the public respected the privacy of Madame and her little daughter, not one soul was oblivious of the fact that they, in their silent work and

patient waiting, had borne the hardest share in the heroic story.

In the midst of one of these popular exhibitions of sympathy, the captain's old mother was recognized. She was trembling with joy and excitement, though leaning upon Paul; and strong arms carried her to her son's arms; and when they met, a great shout of fellow-feeling filled the street. For in those days, life was not so rapid, and men and women had time to "rejoice with those who do rejoice;" and really, children, if you will believe me, it is one of the grandest things humanity can do. Nothing opens the door of the soul so wide for heavenly influences; because it includes a total forgetfulness of self — a godlike joy, kin to the joy of the angels, rejoicing over a soul returning to God.

Then Uncle Jacob, and Gertrude and Alida came; and at the captain's eager request, Mr. Errington cancelled his engagement for that night, and spent it with the happy reunited

family. Indeed, the whole atmosphere was so thrilled, and permeated with rapture and thanksgiving, no one would willingly have left it for a lower stratum. For in this commonplace house there was, that night, the very air of heaven — an influence so noble and unselfish that they might hardly hope to experience its like again in all the years before them.

In the evening they listened to the captain's sorrowful tale, and to Paul's description of his interview with the Dey. Then, for the first time, all became aware of the fact that Paul had brought back very nearly all the money he had taken away:

"But you must not give the credit of its preservation to me," said Paul. "It was our consul that saved it. I should have offered all I had; but he said to me, 'The jewels will be irresistible to Yusef. If you offer him any sum of money, he will suspect that you have more, and every added thousand will increase both his cupidity, and your difficulties.

But if he believes that these pearls and gems are all you possess, he will not risk the losing of them; he cares nothing for human life, — a man or two, more or less, he will not count against that string of pearls.' And thus it proved. So, then, after all, it was *you*, *mother*, who ransomed our father."

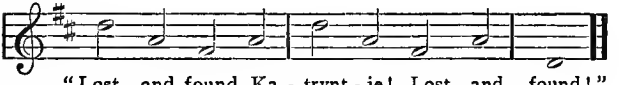
However, every one had for the time risen above the power of gold; even Jan's mother hardly seemed to care that her ten thousand dollars were safe in the Bank of England. She sat next to her recovered son; she drew his poor head — burned, and bleached white — down to her aged breast; but her heart was as young and tender as in the days she had hushed him to sleep there. And she forgot the dollars, and thought only of her boy, — of the dreadful "far country" from which he had returned to her love; of the happy fact that he had been dead, and was alive again; that he had been lost, but was found.

These were the blessed words that Jan con-

stantly repeated — that his mother echoed — that lingered in the heart of every one that heard them — *lost, but found!* "God saw me," said Jan, reverently. "He saw me, a sailor, loving the great sea which He made, a free citizen of the wide ocean, breathing gladly the wildest, and coldest of His winds that blew, — He saw me, in that white, blinding, burning desert, over the lime-kilns; and He remembered me, and sent His messenger," — and here he went across the room to Mr. Errington, and took his hands and raised them to his lips, — and my boy Paul came for me. I was lost, and am found!"

That night Catharine went to her room weary beyond words with love and joy. She had felt until she could feel no longer. She was too tired to uncoil her hair, — too tired to undress, — too tired to think, — she did not remember when, nor how, she put her aching head upon the pillow. Her father's words filled all the consciousness left her; they echoed

in her soul; they stirred half-remembered things in her mind and memory; they must have lingered in her ear chambers; for when the first glimmer of understanding returned to her in the morning, the bells were chiming seven, and she could not help repeating after them



No event in life is without its consequences, and the return of Captain Van Clyffe had a very important influence on the life of his daughter. For he was a man of known skill and energy in all nautical matters; and from every side a ready and practical sympathy flowed to him. In five weeks he left New York in command of *The Retribution*, a fine privateer; and in three months he had sent back two prizes, which the firm of Jeremiah Cruger & Co. handled with remarkable success, both for Captain Jan and themselves.

Paul brought back one of these prizes; and showed himself, on a rather perilous voyage, to be worthy of the trust reposed in his skill and judgment.

During these first three months, Catharine was not free from the obligations of the past sorrowful winter. She felt in honor bound to attend to her music pupils, until their terms were fully completed; and also to finish, with even extra beauty and care, the embroidery which she had undertaken. In the latter work she was constantly assisted by Elsie's clever fingers; and so the time, with a positive hope to bless and brighten it, passed very pleasantly away.

Then, as Mr. Errington had gone to England on a visit, and it was very warm weather, Catharine took a long, sweet rest with her mother. The house was now quite their own; the other lodgers having found quarters elsewhere; and the enfranchised slaves were working in various ways in their own homes, "for

themselves." Two Irish girls supplied their places, and Madame and Catharine found time to read, and to walk, and to visit their old friends together.

But as soon as autumn brought cool days, Catharine began the completion of her interrupted education. The finest music and singing masters were obtained. An old French gentleman read and spoke French with her two hours daily; and beside these things, she learned how to dance the stately minuet, and the grave saraband; and her time was as fully occupied as if she had been at school.

Soon after the New Year, Mr. Errington returned, and they were glad to see him again. His rooms — which the captain insisted should always be his — had been very still and lonely in his absence; and it was a real delight to hear him stepping about them to the music of his own singing, — a real delight, to see him going in and out, always so handsome and cheerful; always so exquisitely dressed

— always with a pleasant word to them in passing.

One morning, when Elsie, with her skates over her arm, came for Catharine for an hour's skating, he took a fancy to join them. Whether he was really ignorant of the art is doubtful; but the girls believed they taught him; and, at any rate, many a delightful hour followed this initiation. For no one could desire a more vivid, enchanting companion on the ice, than was Elsie Evertsen. She would buckle the steel firm to her heel, and then wheel and skate so that the evolutions of a swallow were not swifter or more graceful, — one might indeed say that the ice was Elsie's native element. And with Mr. Errington there was always that "something more" which made play delightful. Thus one day, when they were quite wearied, and had sat down to rest, and to watch the gay throng before them, he said:

"Elsie, Catharine, have you yet noticed, what a very individual thing skating is?

Really, you may read a man's or a woman's character in their heels, if they are on the ice. Human nature, upon a few inches of steel, makes a display of itself."

"You are exactly right," answered Elsie. "It is a most delightful way of display. I am more particular about my skating dresses than even my dancing dresses."

Errington smiled, and added, "I had a deeper thought than mere clothing, Elsie. Look at that jaunty girl, for instance; she will most likely go through life, as she skims over the ice, with her nose in the air; and that solemn-looking man, who plods along, and sees only his own reflection in the surface, will be very apt to plod along his rut of life unto the end — and I will be bound that stately girl in brown and red is a very just girl. See! She never gets in any one's way; and I am sure that she will be angry at any one, who gets in her way. — And there is a dreamy girl" — pointing to one in a striped petticoat — "a

girl no more sure of her opinions than she is of her skates; but the man who is with her, is a dauntless fellow; he will make a career out of the slightest materials."

"And that girl in orange, what of her?" asked Elsie.

"I dare say that she is both selfish and proud," answered Mr. Errington. "Notice how persistently she is the centre of her circle."

Elsie clapped her hands. "So true! So true!" she cried. "It is Annetje Roe, and she is for nobody but Annetje. She wants the first and the most of everything. Proud! I should think so! Annetje believes herself to be everybody."

In this way he pointed out the trim, the affected, the timid, the careless; and Elsie listened, and made her little personal commentaries and applications; and Catharine listened, and watched, and partly understood something of the deeper meaning. But with or without

understanding, the mere physical exercise was a great pleasure to all. During the previous winter, skating, or indeed any amusement, had been impossible to Catharine; and when she thought of the difference between the two seasons, her heart was full of a joyous gratitude.

As the spring opened, Mr. Errington returned the girls' kindness by offering to make them as clever horsewomen as they were skaters; and the offer was gladly accepted. Then what consultations there were about habits and hats, and the little embroidered habit-skirts that, in those days, gave such a neat, clean aspect to the riding dress. Mr. Errington selected the horses; and the early lessons were given in a paddock belonging to the Evertsen mansion. But both Elsie and Catharine had a natural seat and fearlessness; and in a month they were quite able to take the famous "fourteen mile round," that is, up Broadway to Chambers Street; across to Chat-

ham Row; then up the Bowery Lane, till they could round the eastern slopes of Murray Hill; and so on, to a point above the present Seventy-seventh Street; where they turned to the west, among the leafy hillsides now in Central Park; then southward, on the Bloomingdale road, through a lovely region studded with fine country houses, all the way to Twenty-third Street; where the Bowery Lane was again chosen, to reach Franklin Square, and Broadway.

All summer these fourteen-mile canters were continued, in the early morning, or in the cool evening; and if to this pleasure be added the pleasures and duties already named, some idea of the happy life Catharine led at this time, may be easily formed. Besides, there was a tolerable certainty of letters and visits from the captain and Paul, not very far apart; and when they did come, it was always with prizes; and thus, not only a good deal of money, but a good deal of *éclat* was associated

with their appearances. Upon the whole, then, at this period of her life, Catharine was as happy a girl as health, and beauty, and loving relatives and friends, and plenty of occupation, and plenty of amusement and money, could make her.

The following winter Grandmother Van Clyffe died. She had failed slowly, but constantly, after her son's return from captivity; and she went away at last, as quietly as a child goes to sleep. Her will made some sensation. She divided her real estate equally between her sons and her grandson; and her savings equally between her granddaughters Alida and Catharine. To Catharine she also bequeathed her pieces of rare Middelburg tapestry, and her carved Nuremberg cabinets; to Alida she left also her jewelry and clothing; and to her daughter-in-law all her silver, linen and damask. But to Gertrude she left nothing at all; and the girl — in spite of her frequent declarations that she did not expect anything — was abso-

lutely shocked by the neglect. Then she was angry; and said some very hard things, until her father stopped her with a stern wrath she had never before seen in him.

"Be afraid!" he said, "to speak ill of the dead. Has not your speaking ill of the living brought you punishment enough?"

"My grandmother forgave me," answered Gertrude. "Why, then, did she punish me? She had no right."

"All rights had she. Forgiveness cannot do away with punishment. No, indeed! Wrong it would be to forgive, if it could. See, now, I have told you not to ride the new horse, because he is dangerous; but suppose that you did ride him, and that he threw you, and your arms were broken; well, then, I might forgive you with all my heart, I might be so sorry for you — but the suffering, you would have to bear that! No help for it. That is God's way — that is Nature's way — and your grandmother was just and

right in making you suffer. I myself told her so."

A few days afterwards, Alida and Catharine asked him to permit them to share their grandmother's gifts equally with Gertrude; but he was still more angry.

"What is it you ask?" he said with a passionate stamp of his foot. "Ingrates that you are! Now that the dead cannot speak for herself, you will disobey her! You will make of no value her wishes: I am ashamed of you all. By such conduct, what would you obtain? Would the living be grateful to you? No. Would the dead be pleased with you? No. If you fear to disobey the living, be a thousand times more afraid to disobey the dead. Speak not another word on this subject. I will not hear it."

And Gertrude had the wisdom of the inevitable. She accepted what she could not alter. Yet, oh with what bitterness of self-reproach, she remembered that morning, when, for the

sake of being disagreeable to her cousin, she had permitted her tongue to say words that had cost her many thousands of dollars. "Counting the cost" of sins and follies is always a hard sum in arithmetic; and Gertrude did this sum very often, in a solitude full of regrets, and self-reproaches.

Now, if I was going to write the whole life of Catharine Van Clyffe, I should have to begin a glorious story of Retribution; to tell how, in one way or the other, the American people were so roused and incensed by the Barbary pirates, that they sent out a fleet the next year to punish them — how Captain Van Clyffe and Paul went with this fleet — how young Stephen Decatur burnt the *Philadelphia* — how four hundred American officers and seamen were released from the Dey's dungeons, and from slavery, with cannon balls — and still later, how Captain Van Clyffe and Paul went again to Algiers; this time in command of a man-of-war, one of the American

fleet that, in conjunction with the English fleet under Lord Exmouth and the Dutch fleet under Admiral Capellen, fought a series of the most terrible naval battles in history — battles which, however, really knocked the Dey's forts and palace about his head; destroyed his power forever; and set free, without a cent of ransom, over twelve hundred Christian slaves.

But, glorious as this tale is, it does not concern the girlhood of Catharine; and her womanhood is a story by itself — a story yet to write — a story never quite separated from the influence and charm of the Bells. She travelled far and wide, but they travelled with her. Nor must you think her experience either strange or unnatural. No fact is more positively authenticated than this fact of home-loving and home-longing travellers hearing the church bells of their native place. Dr. Hall heard Trinity Bells far in the Arctic snows. Alexander William Kinglake, in the

middle of the eternal sadness, and immense abandonment of the desert, was awakened from a sleep on his camel's back, by a peal of church bells — his native bells — the innocent bells of Marlen. In vain he plunged his face into the hot, dazzling daylight; for full ten minutes they continued "properly, steadily, merrily, ringing for church."[1] Napoleon, at Malmaison, trembled to hear the bells of Brienne; and almost any old sailor can tell how under vertical suns in mid-ocean —thousands of miles from land — he has thrilled with wonder, to hear his own village chimes.

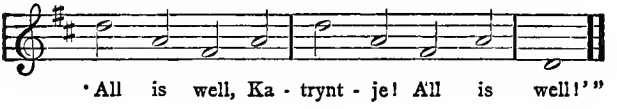
We will not seek after the philosophy of these things; because such messages are always supremely personal. It is enough here to know, that Catharine's best life history set itself to the charming octave of Trinity Bells. They heralded her wedding day with the jubilant notes of *Hail, smiling morn,*

[1] Eothen.

and when the last scene in her life came they were not silent.

It was on a lovely day in November, just fifty years ago, one of those days which are after-thoughts of summer. John Errington, Paul, and Elsie stood by her grave, under the shadow of Trinity. The stir of Broadway seemed only a murmur in the silent yard; and through the open doors of the church the music of the organ was faintly audible. Both Errington and Paul were old and feeble, and dry-eyed in their great sorrow; but Elsie's grief had her old passionate abandon. She was shrunken and withered, and white-haired; but she wrung her hands in childlike distress, and moaned "Oh, our dear Delight! What shall we do without you?"

And as she spoke, the chimes began; and they stood silent till they were finished. "How sad they are!" said Paul, almost in a whisper. "What did they say to you, Elsie?" And in a fresh passion of grief she answered, —

"*Fare thee well, Katryntje! Fare thee well!*"

But John Errington said softly: "I heard them differently, Elsie. To me they said: